

HEART-DROPS

FROM MEMORY'S URN.

BY

✓
MISS S. J. C. WHITTLESEY.

11

DEDICATED TO MY BROTHER, OSCAR C. W.

Sumus soli duo.

“It is the voice of years that are gone! They roll before me with all their deeds! I seize the tales as they pass, and pour them forth in song.”—OSSIAN.

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P r e f a c e .

WITH sensations peculiar to those who dip the pencil of Thought in Fancy's vase of hues, to portray the lineaments of the Heart and the phases of Life upon the silken leaf of Poesy, the Authoress of these pensive Heart-Drops unfurls the canvas of her frail barque, with a trembling hand, and launches out upon the precarious tide of *public opinion*.

Freighted with gatherings from the parterre of the Past, and the blossom-crowned hills of an Ideal World, she commits it to the waves, trusting its unassuming caste may waft it peacefully onward in a quiet channel of feeling and affection, unbent by the blast, and unshattered by the storm that broods over the lake of Literature, folding in its dark bosom the lurid ire of merciless *criticism*!

The writer of the following work deprecates its wrath, claiming for her wreathings only what the *heart* may justly ask at the shrine of *hearts*, trusting the misty drapery that droops from the pale finger of Distrust, may be looped back by the golden cords of feeling, and the lightning be drawn from the cloud by the magnet of sympathetic influence.

On the sunny shores of by-gone years she has culled the snowy buds of Childhood, with a trembling hand, and heart quivering with early memories; from the fresh lawn of glad-some Girlhood she has stolen the dewy blossoms of Hope and Love, perfumed with the aroma of innocence; through the vale of Sorrow she has wandered, in the twilight of Disappointment, bearing from its shadows drooping blooms to whisper to a soul of sadness, that blossoms break amid the dimmest shade; and over the darkest abyss of Life she has leaned, with hushed heart and burning brow, and lifted from its gloom the pale, infant bud of "Hope in Despair," whose meek murmurs linger upon the spirit ear of Despondency:—"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal." In the dreamy hours of twilight, when the foot-prints of angels tracked with gold the azure of the skies, and Fancy's wings unfolded in the sighing breezes of Memory, with the sensitive vine of the Heart she has woven a wreath of these gatherings—faded flowers from memory's waste—intermingled with tiny pearls from the silvery strand of a shadowless clime, and lays it down, "half fearless and yet half afraid" upon the altar of Mind, humbly hoping, as the spirits of the Future, linked to the chariot of the Present, sweep down the lane of years, she may glance back to a fair oasis in the desert of Life, where the white hand of Charity gently lifted it to the eye of favor, that embalmed it with the soft dew of feeling and affection.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., *May*, 1852.

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HEART-DROPS

FROM MEMORY'S URN.

A Tale of Dreams.

“The serpent of the field, by art
And spells, is won from harming ;
But that which coils around the heart,
Oh, who hath power of charming ?”—BYRON.

“I had a dream that was not all a dream”—
A fair girl in the bud of sunny years,
Ere yet the leaflets of her girlish heart
Unfolded to the wooings of Love's sighs.
They called her beautiful, supremely fair,
With her soft hazel eyes and auburn curls,
That floated like a mist of twilight shade,
Made faintly golden by the stars' pale beam,
About her snowy breast and rounded cheek,
Of ever-varying hue, blending in light,
Like a wild-rose leaf in a lily's bell.

An only daughter, lavish love was hers,
From fond parental hearts, and every joy
That sits enthroned beneath the kindling stars.
Like a young lily-bud that folds its leaves
From the gay sunshine of a golden day,
Lay the fair maiden's heart hid from the gaze
Of the great world's bold eye, and noble ones
That bowed in homage at her beauty's shrine ;
For when was Beauty void of worshipers ?

“ A change came o'er the spirit of my dream : ”
The maiden sat, in the hushed twilight hour,
With the soft night-winds tossing back the rings
Of glossy hair that swept her blushing cheek.
And a proud form was there, a stranger one,
A wanderer from a northern clime away.
They met beside a sparkling, limpid stream,
That sang its music to the listening flowers,
And wreathed the infant buds with crystal fringe,
As they bent down their red lips to its wave.
They met but spake not then, save in language
Eloquent though mute—and he watched her steps,
And traced her to her home, her happy home,
Made radiant with the sunlight of fond hearts.
Short time sped on, and now they sat entwined,
Beneath the scented vines that lightly swayed
In music whispers o'er their youthful heads ;
And the low breeze that stirred the leafy homes
Of sleeping birds, nestling in twilight dreams,
Bore on the warm breath of their plighted faith.
And he gave a stainless bud, enfolding

Fragrance in its hidden heart, as symbol
Of her own, whiles the fair moon climbed the east,
And peeped her pale eye in the maiden's heart,
And read the sweet confession trembling there.

“A change came o'er the spirit of my dream :”
Before the holy altar stood the maid,
Leaning in snowy robes, with roseless cheek,
On the strong arm of him, the stranger one.
And the great heart of life stood beating there—
Beating in leaden numbers, low and deep.
I know not how it was, but a dim veil
Seemed mantling o'er the scene and stifling joy.
'Twas hushed as the deep calm of voiceless wo,
All save anon a low sob from a heart
That watched and wept, and yet it knew not why.
The man of God that joined their clasping hands,
Stood faint and breathless with conflicting fears,
As he pronounced them one. 'Twas passing strange,
And yet I know the heart of that girl-bride
Seemed shrouded 'neath a pall of coming ills,
E'en while her hazel eye looked smiling up
In the deep blue of his—the trusted one.
They did not know the “shadow cast before”
Was type of darker hours and deeper dread !

“A change came o'er the spirit of my dream :”
The young wife sat among the blooming flowers,
So faintly paling in the Autumn's breath,
And dreamed how hearts must fade and droop and die,
When the rich summer of young Love is gone.

And he was there, the loving and the loved,
With soft, deep azure eyes, and jetty hair
Swept gently back from his fair, manly brow,
By her small hands that looked, amid its mass
Of shining darkness, like two white-winged doves
Reveling amid Despair. Then he spake,
And whispered her of one whose youthful breast
“Was darkened with her shadow”—one who laid
The offering of his heart low at her shrine,
And turned in anguish from the maddening tale,
That she would be another’s. Ah! she knew
His noble, faithful heart lay crushed and chill,
In the cold cavern of a hopeless love;
For they had told her how he strove to hide
His anguish in the deep of his own breast,
From the sheer mockery of weak Pity’s lip,
In the dim chamber of Seclusion. Ah!
She felt the brightness of her own glad heart,
Had shut out hope from his too-faithful breast,
When days went on, and their eyes met again;
His the sad glance of patient resignation
To His pure will who “doeth all things well”
And a soft smile sat gently in the blue
Of his warm glance, chiding with its faintness,
And yet he blamed her not, for well he knew,
“Love is not the growth of years nor gift of will.”
I know not how it was, but her young heart
Grew sad in gazing on his high pale brow,
Where hopelessness seemed written in its calm;
For she had not, save as a sister, loved.
And now, when he, her own, her trusted one,

Called up his image to her vision-gaze,
And his meek glance of sorrow smote her heart,
A veil of paleness swept her rosy cheek,
And dewy sympathy swam in her eye.
Ah! fatal hour, that dropped its soiling print
Upon the snowy tablet of his soul!
He saw the shade of hers, and his bright brow
Grew dark and fearful with the spirit's grief.
In vain she strove to twine her trembling arms
Around his manly form—in vain she wept
And told him all her love—he darkly frowned,
And thrust her wildly from his heaving breast!
The low, sad Autumn winds went wailing on,
Sighing deep dirges o'er her faded dreams,
And opening to her wild, despairing eye,
Dim visions of life's dark reality!
For 'tis the heart gives Nature all its caste,
And beauty in its shade looks ever lorn.

“A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:”
Again she sat within her early home,
And he was far away upon the deep.
The pale moon, softly cradled in the sky,
Looked sadly down, as if in sympathy,
Upon the wreck of all her cherished hopes.
He called her cold, in madness, and she fled
From the wild ravings of a tortured heart,
And he went forth a wanderer o'er the waves.
They did not say “Farewell,” for she was gone
To the warm hearts she once resigned for him;
But now the dream was over, and she came,

A fading, blighted bud, to droop and die
Upon the bosoms true, that knew not change.
They did not say "Farewell," and he went forth
From the sweet scenes of all their early love,
To lone communion with the restless waves—
They parted silently to meet no more.
And so it is—Love is the shade of Joy;
It sleeps and smiles, and wakes to weep in sorrow!

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:"
He had come back from his far mountain home,
And humbly knelt confessing all his wrongs.
They told her not to trust him, and she wept,
And faintly turned from his low pleading voice,
That wakened all the past, the happy past;
Bright till that fated eve that dashed the gems
Of garnered hopes, on the projecting rock
O'erhanging the deep gulf of dark Distrust!
"They told her not to love him," and she shrank
And sought to fly, but her weak heart
Melted and sank upon the breast of Love;
For when was Youth e'er wise to Reason's call!
And there were tears and sighings loud and deep,
Beneath that dear old roof, her childhood's home,
For she was far away, amidst the din
Of a strange world's all cold and jostling mart.
He bore her far away from clinging hearts,
And whispered of a pure and changeless trust,
When distance had shut out the light of eyes
That beamed upon her in her sunny clime,
Maddening his soul with strange, unholy thoughts.

And so the sequel proved that "Love is blind,"
Nor knows the shatters of a riven faith.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:"
She had gone forth from the full heart of life,
To the cool shadows of his mountain home.
The rose was on her cheek, and in her eye
The glad young soul looked out all joyously,
As o'er the deep-green hills her merry foot
Bounded, making soft music through the leaves
That Autumn's early finger had swept down
Upon the mossy turf that clad the hills.
And she was happy in that far-off land,
For stranger hearts smiled brightly on her there.
I know not how it was, but hearts *would* ope,
Where'er she strayed, and warmly welcome her;
And she was glad, for all her soul was Love.
She could not live without its sunny sphere.
But sometimes a faint shade would bind her brow—
Sweet, holy memories of home and friends—
And he would chide her for a wandering thought
Of some proud one within that stranger land,
Who dared to smile upon a brother's bride;
And her soul sickened, "hoping against hope,"
Till Time had told she "worshiped but a shade."
Within a chamber dim with twilight haze,
She dwelleth now, far from his lovely home.
And he is there; with deeply burning brow,
And deathly lip, he taunts the stoic wife
With an unholy passion cherished there.
Silent she sits, and lists with tearless eye,

For her heart's urn has long been drained of tears.
Darkly he bends his deep eye on her own,
And reads her calmness—madly raised his hand,
And love's sweet chain is rent. Calmly she rose,
And his wild eye bent down beneath her own,
For the proud spirit of her fathers lurked
Within its depth. Coldly she spake "*Farewell.*"
Low at her feet he knelt. She turned away,
And yet she heard him curse his madness deep,
For well he knew his home was hers no more.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:"
A frail barque kissed the bright and laughing waves
That made soft music in the ocean's cave.
The great world's heart is pulsing far away,
And all her hopes lie crushed amid its din.
A white veil flutters in the morning breeze,
And well she knows his heart is on the sea.
Her dim eye lingered till the city fled,
And melted in the distance, like a mist
Of fleecy morning clouds circling the deep.
Silent she turned and bent above the flood,
And heart-drops mingled with the sea-green wave,
Dreaming how peacefully a heart would sleep,
Wrapped in the winding-sheet that ocean spreads;
But her faint eye looked up to the stars' home,
And scanned the watery waste sleeping in light,
And on the blue leaf of the ocean scroll,
She saw and read—" *Not all of Death to die!*"

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:"

Again she trod the bright ways of her youth,
And warm hearts sorrowed as they clasped her form,
So frail, they thought she soon must pass away.
She seemed a violet in the Autumn's blast,
Bending in every breeze, ere long to fade,
Or a pale lily bowed beneath the dew,
Crushed with the weight of tears—and fond ones gazed
Upon her pale, pale cheek and languid eye,
And saw the blossoms breaking o'er her grave!
They bore her far away to "change of scene,"
Where no remembrance of her buried hopes
Might be evoked by aught that linked the Past;
Bidding her smile for them, and her young soul
Struggled to break the fetters that enslaved.
Time's soothing finger strung her heart anew,
And made, sometimes, low music with its strings,
Uplifting the dark veil her spirit wreathed,
Shading its light, and gemmed it with soft stars.
They saw the rose again paint her fair cheek,
And in the hazel of her eye the lustre sleep,
And fond ones smiled and whispered—"She is saved!"
I know not how it was, but proud ones came,
And spake of "Love," and "Hope," and future "Time,"
But she shrank shuddering from the syren song
That long ago had lured her on to wo!
I know not how it was, for she was not
As she had been of yore, so beautiful
They called her a bright spirit dropped from Heaven.
Ah! they did not know, when she shrank trembling
From the voice of Love, how her soul was stirred
By a pale wand—*the memory of the past.*
They saw her turn and smile, and called her "*cold.*"

“A change came o’er the spirit of my dream :”
I saw the wealth of Love’s outflowing tide,
Turned back in fullness on her gushing heart,
Moaning in anguish round the spirit’s eaves,
And she caught up the echo of its sighs,
Weaving frail wreaths bound with her own heart-strings,
And sent them forth to tell a listening world—
“We learn in suffering what we teach in song!”
She gathered faded flowers from Memory’s waste,
And laved them in the fountain of her tears;
They drank the briny flood, and ebb’d its tide.
The streamlet of her soul flow’d on again,
In an ideal clime, and peopled it
With fancies and sweet dreams to revel in,
And the dim visions of the shadowed past,
Paled in the beams of Fancy’s “brain-born” joys,
And sated sorrow lulled in sorrow’s song.
And so it is—Wo has its own resource,
And draws on Fancy, when all others fail.
Years rolled away. They told her she was *free*—
That her one plea was granted—and she smiled.
I know not how it was, but a strange smile
Seemed settling on her lip, as her dark eye
Bent o’er the semblance of her early love—
The soft blue eyes, the dark and shining hair,
The proud and manly form—even his *name*,
To her lone ear was a forbidden word;
“So dies in human hearts” *a dream of Love!*
She gazed and smiled, and turned the tiny shade
From her sad eye, and sealed it with “*Farewell* ;”
Speeding it onward to a distant land—

She said "Farewell:" *they never met again.*
 And then she took a long, long-cherished flower,
 He twined amid her curls in girlhood's morn,
 And gazed upon it—all her early hopes—
 Her starry dreams, and visions bathed in light,
 Had faded like it—and she bade it—*go!*
 Lonely she sat in the dim twilight shade,
 And dreamed the past, the buried past all o'er—
 Buried in madness and its grave—*her heart!*
 A *monument of years* o'ershadowed it.
 Its *epitaph, traced in tears,* was—*Memory.*

The dream was past—startled I awoke,
 And gazed around upon a world of change,
 Wondering if it *could* be *all* a dream;
 For a dim vision floated through my brain—
 Visions of tears and sighs and aching hearts,
 That I had seen and heard in distant lands!
 And then I thought the destiny of some,
 I had linked up in this my darksome dream;—
 Heaven help thee, maiden, if it shadow forth
 A cold, a dread reality for thee!
 Death sleeps—Life slumbers on the edge of Time,
 And weaves a changing garland of strange dreams
 Around the heart of Love—fleeting as fair;
 "But in the sleep of death what dreams may come—"
 { *Dreams!* in the grave is but *reality* :
 A long, unbroken, never-changing story;
 But Life, aye, "*Life is but a Tale of Dreams.*"

C o n R u b i n .

SWEET bird! how doth thy music tone
Recall the days forever flown;
When life was bright, and skies were clear,
And blessings starred my pathway here!
Thy kindred's tones had ever power
To soothe me in the weariest hour—
To lead my lonely thoughts above,
And thrill my heart with holy love.

When twilight beams fell faintly down,
And deepening shadows stole around,
Their cheerful songs 'woke silent eve,
And bade expiring sunlight live.
And then I loved to watch their flight,
By the pale moonbeam's misty light,
And catch the last far-distant sound
That floated on the air profound.

Again, when rosy morn awoke,
Their songs my peaceful slumber broke,
And wooed me to the woods away,
To greet with them the infant day.

Light o'er the dewy mead I tripped,
And deep from Nature's fountain sipped,
And culled the brightest, fairest flowers,
To decorate my youthful bowers.

Back o'er the downy heath I'd fly,
With ringing laugh and sunny eye,
And bounding heart, and song as gay
As their own silvery, soothing lay,
And then at noontide's sultry hours,
I watched them 'midst the leafy bowers,
And longed to see departing day,
To list again their lovely lay.

Ah! thoughtless, sinless, careless child,
In sweet content and joy I smiled
Upon the close of that bright day,
That bore my happiest hours away!
Yet such is childhood, shadeless youth,
Sweet innocence and guileless truth,
But, ah! in after years of pain,
We sigh for those sweet hours again!

Then chant thy lay, my favorite one,
And let fond Memory backward run,
To by-gone days, and scenes of yore,
Scenes that I now may see no more!
And as I list thy tuneful lay,
An innate sense of Truth will say—
"Though all thy happiest hours are passed,
Beyond this vale—in Heaven there's rest!"

E ; m r r e l l d a .

PART FIRST.

I.

SHE museth here, Aurelia,
Here where the white stone tells
The youthful Ezmerelda, fair,
In dreamless silence dwells;
The stranger! who in years agoe
Sank gently down to rest,
In all her early loveliness,
Within earth's peaceful breast!

II.

Here, while departing daylight hangs
A fringe of golden light,
Bestarred with ruby gems, around
The robe of queenly Night—
Where twilight mists come stealing on,
With Autumn's sighing breath,
That chants a lonely requiem
Around this home of Death—

III.

She mournful bends, with silent heart,
The story, sad, to tell,
Of her whose spring-time buds of hope
So early drooped and fell
In sorrow's dust, ere yet their young
And richest leaves unrolled
From out their fresh and dewy case
Of emerald and gold!

IV.

Ah! she is sad, Aurelia,
Here in the evening hush,
While low Æolian whisperings
In plaintive numbers gush
Around the snowy sentinels
That guard the loved and lost,
Soft sleeping in the arms of death,
Chilled by untimely frost!

V.

Here rest the lovely infant forms
Of rosy Childhood, fair,
Whose tiny brows were shrouded up
Untainted by pale care;
Their sinless hearts lie moldering here,
Beneath the damp, cold sod,
While life's immortal spark burns on
Around the throne of God.

VI.

It is a lovely thing to die
In childhood's starry hours,
To lay the infant bosom down
Amid the opening flowers
That mingle with the moaning breeze
Their soothing lullaby ;
Oh ! in life's innocence it were
A blessed thing to die.

VII.

And many a wan and furrowed cheek,
And many a hoary head,
So calmly lieth cradled here
Beneath the night-wind's tread ;
Bending beneath the weight of years
And many a wintry blast,
They buffeted old Jordan's tide,
And anchored safe at last !

VIII.

'Tis beautiful, the fading light
Upon the brow of Age,
When Time's faint hand is folding up
Its thickly-lettered page ;
But oh ! how joyful 'tis to know,
When the last trace is given,
The finished work has been revised
And stereotyped for heaven !

IX.

And some who sweetly slumber here,
Came o'er Atlantic's foam,
To rest within a stranger earth,
Far from their early home ;
Came from their childhood's clouded hearth,
A long-oppressed band,
To fold their weary wings within
Our free and happy land!

X.

Ah! thus it is, the joys of youth,
The home of infancy,
Ne'er counterpoised the golden scale
Of glorious Liberty!
For minds are of supernal birth,
And scorn the tyrant's rod,
And man was made to bend alone,
In homage, to his God.

XI.

Oh! blessed, ever blessed be
My native land, my own!
Where crowned heads tyrannic sway
No sceptre on its throne ;
Where Freedom is the royal robe,
Whose Monarch reigns above,
And bondage is the golden links
Of His eternal Love!

XII.

Low lie they now, these wanderers
From thralldom-lands afar,
Led o'er the dark blue ocean wave,
By Freedom's Bethlehem-Star!
Enough for noble hearts like theirs,
To worship at its feet,
And find upon its sacred soil,
A peaceful winding-sheet.

XIII.

Yet from these symbols of pale hopes
And faded joys, I turn
And bend in holier dreams around
Fair Ezmerelda's urn;
The silent spot where sleeps a heart
So early crushed and chilled;
Where sweet affection's dew was ne'er
In holy love distilled!

XIV.

None wept above this lovely bud
Of premature decay,
Save he within whose blighting breath
It early drooped away!
A beauteous blossom rudely torn
From off the parent stem,
And borne away, by Angel hands,
To Heaven's diadem!

PART SECOND.

I.

'Twas in the blooming Summer time,
And Evening's gentle sprite
Stood waiting, with her purple robe,
To deck the coming Night.
While from the throne of ether, hung,
Half-hid in lingering Day,
A coronal of golden gems,
A brilliant tiara.

II.

Bending above the buried form
Of Ezmerellda, fair,
A burning breath came o'er her cheek,
And wailings of despair
Gave out unto the murmuring breeze,
Their wild and mocking tone;
And eyes of mad and flashing light,
Burned down into her own!

III.

"Away and leave me with my dead!
Away!" the mocker cried,
"My dead! ha! ha! I murdered her!
My own, my lovely bride!
My dead! ha! ha! I murdered her!
For she was false as fair!
I broke her false, false heart! ha! ha!
And hid it darkly there!

IV.

"I wooed her from her happy home,
And dreamed she loved me well,
But she was very false, ha! ha!
As where the demons dwell!
I stood beside her dying bed
And saw her fade in death;
She could not mock me *then*, ha! ha!
With her deceitful breath!

V.

"I laughed beside her cold, cold form,
And false, hushed heart, ha! ha!
And then I laid her softly here,
From all she loved afar!
But now her hand is on my heart,
Her hot tears burn my brain!
She laughs to see me sink, ha! ha!
Deep down to deathless pain!

VI.

"Away! away false one! away!
I did not murder thee!
With thy bewitching eyes, ha! ha!
Why dost thou torture me?
I did not wile thee from thy home,
And laugh to hear thee sigh!
Thou didst not love me or thou hadst
Not wept when I was by!

VII.

“ Away! away, false one! away!
I cannot bear thee now!
I hate thee in thy mouldy grave,
For thy false, whispered vow!
Away! away thou pleading one,
And let me softly roam
Where thy false eyes and mocking smile,
In dreams may never come!

VIII.

“ I did not murder thee, ha! ha!”
And the mad laugh rang back
Upon her startled ear, along
The gloomy woodland track;
And then she fled, Aurelia,
Unto the crowding mart,
Where the wild murderer’s mocking tone
Could not congeal her heart.

IX.

But when the crimson foliage
Of Autumn veiled her tomb,
Sweet Edith knelt again, beside
This early-blighted bloom;
And of the heart that slumbers here,
She sadly whispered me;
Come listen, young Aurelia,
And I will tell it thee.

PART THIRD.

I.

She was a fair and joyous thing
Of sunny cheek and eye,
Ere Love had taught her maiden heart,
Its spirit-wings to try ;
He poured into her youthful ear,
A tale of winsome art,
And from her early home she fled,
To trust a stranger heart !

II.

It is a fearful thing to love,
To launch the spirit's barque,
Without a beacon light to guide,
Into the "unknown dark."
Better to give the pulseless heart
Into the arms of Death,
Than hang it, throbbing with warm life,
Upon an untried faith.

III.

'Tis but a song of life I sing,
A song of trust betrayed,
When spirit-vines tenacious cling
Around a worthless shade.
Such was her fate who slumbers here,
Borne from a distant strand,
And shrouded in her loveliness,
Within this stranger land.

IV.

She sank into the misty tomb,
With no sweet words of love,
To hush her aching heart to rest,
And soothe its mourning dove !
She faded like a young wild rose
Within the summer time,
And girding up her Seraph-wings,
Passed to a peerless clime !

V.

"To die! to sleep! to sleep! no more!
And by a sleep to say
We end the heart-ache," and the ills
That crowd Life's narrow way !
Ah! fearful thought! to be shut out
From this bright world of ours,
Of mirth and song and varied light,
And gay, enameled flowers.

VI.

By Death's pale finger! lowly laid
Within the voiceless tomb,
Where no faint ray of dawn dispels
The never-ending gloom !
Enfolded in a snowy shroud,
Within a dusky home,
Alone! where no sweet echoings
Of Love can ever come !

VII.

But ah! to fall, with no fond one
To close the weary eye,
To breathe, far from our early home,
The last, faint, yearning sigh!
To watch life's promise-buds decay,
And moulder into dust,
Death-blighted in the frozen gloom
Of maddening distrust!

VIII.

This, this is wo; and this dark fate
Was hers who sweetly sleeps
Beneath the violet-turf that drinks
The tears that nature weeps;
As if in tender sympathy
Her blue and brimming eye
Begems this slender grave with pearls
Flung from the azure sky.

IX.

Oh beauty! rover from the skies,
Thou art a fearful dower,
A mighty talismanic wand,
Charged with electric power!
A gem, a pearl, a fragil bud,
For Passion's lip-caress!
The hapless victim of thine own
Surpassing loveliness!

X.

Had she who slumbers here, possessed
Less of thy magic art,
What darts of bitter agony
Had missed her guileless heart!
For he who culled the peerless bloom,
Grew jealous of its ray,
And, guarded with distrustful care,
It sighed itself away.

XI.

Distrust! oh! basest satellite
From deepest gulf below!
Nursed in the arms of worthlessness!
Minion of mocking Wo!
Chief marshal of Satanic troops
From Misery's burning clime!
Drilling recruits to people it,
From out the ranks of time!

XII.

And he went forth, the murderer,
Into the world's great heart,
To quell the surges of remorse,
Amid its groaning mart;
But Conscience marked him for her prey,
From her insulted lair,
And drove the raving wretch before
Her lashings of despair!

XIII.

The silent monitor that slept,
Ere her young heart was crushed,
The resurrection trump hath waked,
Now that her voice is hushed !
And thus it is, the darkling ill,
The wrongs and rankling pain
We measure out to other hearts,
Conscience doth mete again.

PART FOURTH.

I.

Alas ! how many hearts could tell
This tale of early doom,
Could their long silent voices speak
Up from the dreary tomb !
How many trusting ones have sunk
In silence dark and drear,
Beneath the same cold weight that pressed
This lovely sleeper here !

II.

Ah ! some we know, Aurelia,
In that far land of thine,
Where Spring's first buds are breaking 'round
That early home of mine !
That sweet home-place of light and bloom,
Watched o'er by eyes so blue ;
'Tis lovelier now that "distance lends
Enchantment to the view."

III.

Our early home!—there is no sound
More musical and free,
No cord within a wanderer's heart,
So full of melody!
The world may wake her golden harp,
Before us as we roam,
Yet sweeter, far, the symphony
That murmurs "*Home, sweet home!*"

IV.

Long years have gone since last we stood
Within that home afar,
Yet in the horizon of Mind,
It burns the brightest star;
And ever will the tender arms
Of Memory caress her,
And breathe around the throne of Love,
"*The Old North State, God bless her!*"

V.

There is one silent sacred spot
Within that land of love,
To which a wayward Muse would turn,
And, lingering, love to rove;
The hallowed spot where mouldereth
The holy man of God,
Who sank with shouts of victory
Beneath the flowery sod!

VI.

That early grave, where tiny buds
Held up their cups of blue,
And gracious Evening filled them up
With drops of pearly dew ;
And where the hand of Autumn spread
Rose-covering around it,
As though her heart was loth to leave,
Less lovely than she found it.

VII.

Ah ! many an anguish-freighted tear
Hath flowed and fallen there,
From her the loving and beloved,
The youthful, plighted fair !
Her pure and ardent heart to him
Was unreserved given,
Death clasped the living in the dead,
And bore them both to heaven !

VIII. .

Oh ! when affection's spirit-vine
Enlinks a kindred heart,
Nor Life, nor white-winged angel Death
The tendril e'er can part ;
Up through the spangled veil that hides
The spirit-world away,
It clambers o'er its ruined hopes,
And blossoms on for aye !

IX.

Fain would we lift the icy shroud
That veils another there,
And breathe in wild Ambition's ear,
A tale of Wealth's despair;
List, maiden, whose obsequious heart
Is bowed before its throne;
The hapless fate of Eveline,
May shadow forth thine own!

X.

The spotless lily of the vale,
The young and graceful vine,
Were not more fair and delicate
Than lovely Eveline;
The lordly suitor sought and won
The humble, modest flower,
And bore it in his arms of pride,
Unto his brilliant bower.

XI.

She left her simple cottage home
With calm and smiling brow,
And breathed, with an unfettered heart,
The solemn, bridal vow;
The golden glitter of the chain
That wreathed the girlish bride,
Fell dazzling on her beaming eyes,
And soothed ambitious pride!

XII.

But what is life when wanting love?
And what are courtly halls,
Divested of the sympathy
That gladdens kindred souls?
Fair maiden, fame and wealth and pride,
May bend unto thy will,
But there's a nook within the heart,
That *love* alone can fill.

XIII.

Transplanted from its native shade,
To gardens of sunlight,
Without affection's cooling dew,
To keep it fresh and bright.
The yearning blossom lonely pined
In sickening slow decay,
And 'midst the splendor of its home,
It darkly drooped away.

XIV.

Go where the sunlight drifteth down
Among the blossomed trees,
And where the soft Spring's perfumed breath,
Comes floating on the breeze;
Bend, maiden, o'er the dotted turf
In that far land of thine,
And timely learn to deprecate
The fate of Eveline.

XV.

Come where the crimson-fringed clouds
Hang out their fleecy folds,
Come where the struggling infant leaf
So stealthily unrolls
Round Ezmerelda's silent urn—
A mourning spirit-voice
Will whisper thee, "Pause, ponder, sift,
Not eager in the choice."

Bridal Greetings.

TO "LELIA MORTIMER," SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

BLESSINGS be thine, fair bride, my sister-friend
Since thou hast glided from the gentle stream,
And sunny shores of sweet celibacy,
Into a broad and ever-changing sea!
Oh! may that ocean e'er unruffled be,
Its surface smooth, and ever calm to thee!
May thy connubial barque, with blossoms decked,
Of rich, perennial bloom, glide o'er its wave
In one uninterrupted voyage of peace,
And blest prosperity. Sunshine and skies

Of cloudless azure and unfading light,
Be ever o'er and round thee, sister dear;
Joy in thy bosom dwell, profusely poured
From the heart-urn that henceforth must mete out
Thy all of earthly hope and happiness!

Thou art no longer ours, thou hast gone forth,
With bright dreams nestling in thy loving heart—
Bright dreams of fadeless smiles, and changeless truth,
Through starry years linked by affection's chain;
It may be so, fair bride, "yet who can tell?"

It is not meet that one who loves thee well
Should breathe a bridal song for thee, young wife;
Perchance the shadow in her heart may fling
Its twilight round thy own. A shade *will* steal
Across her spirit, with the dream-like thought,
Thou art another's now!—gone from the wealth
Of loving hearts, that made this changing earth
So bright and beautiful to thy glad eyes!
Gone from the home-hearth, with thy young heart's wings.
Folded in faith in *one!*

From the sweet shore
Thy foot so lately pressed, in "fancy free,"
And where full many a tiny print is traced
Upon the snowy sands, for memory
To linger o'er, we watch thee from afar,
And send a whispered prayer o'er the deep tide,
That gladness e'er may freight thy bridal barque,
Calm as the joys that blessed thee, single-hearted!

The Mariner.

A STORM broodeth over, I hear the hoarse cry
Of the "heavy-hoofed" thunder, that trampeth the sky
In wrathful pursuit of the lightning's wild flight—
Good Spirit, protect the poor sailor to-night!

There are hearts on the sea-swell, though sturdy, will quail
At the shriek of the tempest, and ocean's loud wail,
As the wind-harpies marshal their dark, howling train
Through the storm-riven scoop of the turbulent main!

We love the true hearts on the wild ocean wave,
Where the red lightnings leap, and the foam-surges rave,
And heaven's artillery goes bounding in glee
Through the white splashing brine of the billowy sea!

We love the true heart of the rough honest tar,
That delves the wide waste of blue waters afar;
And when the storm-drifts heap on heaven's dark brow,
We whisper, "God help the poor mariner now!"

I have watched the white dash of Atlantic's thick foam,
As the gallant barque ploughed through her watery home,
And I learned 'mid the rumbles of ocean's swift car,
To love the *kind* heart of the rough honest tar.

I have heard the harsh creak of the quivering shroud
As the wind-spirits swept from the gathering cloud,
And tossed the white froth of the maniac wave,
Round the shivering form of the gallant ship, brave!

Methinks I yet hear through the high-piping storm,
As we crept to his side for a refuge from harm,
A warm breath that hung in the dimness a star,
From the comforting lip of the rough, honest tar.

There's a heart in his bosom as noble and true,
As throbs 'neath the glitter of heaven's dark blue;
A heart that though others may tremble and fly,
Will shield thee, and save thee, in danger, or die!

Then bend with me, frail ones, whose weakness would start
The full, gushing fount of the rough sailor's heart,
While the loud thunders roll and the lightnings gleam bright,
And breathe a warm prayer for the seamen to-night.

The Deserted Homestead.

(AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE REV. ROBERT J. CARSON, OF NORTH CAROLINA.)

SWEET Lovelands, far away 'neath southern skies;
Where ruddy summer bends her azure eyes
With loving smiles, and glances soft and mild,
As the meek murmurs of a sinless child;

And trembling wings of zephyrs waft perfume,
From treasure-laden cups of coral bloom.
There woodland chanteth day-long melody,
To cooling winds that wanton sportively,
And shake the bright dew from the quivering leaves,
Upon the tangled maze and mossy eaves;
And birds of plumage fold their tired wings,
At hush of eve, when parting daylight flings
Its fading glory, from the crimsoned west,
Around their tiny forms nestling to rest,
And warble forth their last low requiem-lay,
To the faint pulses of a dying day.
There the far-stretching lawn of emerald sheen,
Profuse of wild flowers nodding o'er the green,
That lift their painted cheeks to the red lip
Of wooing Nature, stooping down to sip,
Then shrink aback in virgin purity,
And veil their blushing brows in modesty.
I do remember me the quiet nook
Within the woodland shades, beside the brook,
Where the light fawn would come at young twilight,
When Evening blushed within the arms of Night,
And timid drink the soft and silvery stream,
Then startled, flee where Dryads love to dream.
That singing fountain!—doth it murmur on,
As in the days of infancy ago?
Do the thick clusters of the maple, shade
The bright green slope where we in childhood played—
And dip its willowy arms into the stream,
Where long ago was wove Life's loveliest dream?
Perchance the winding path adown the hill,
Unto the wavelets of the rippling rill—

That gently sloped from that sweet cottage door,
The thistle and wild-briar clambereth o'er.
Perchance the fairy fountain now is dry,
Where oft was mirrored childhood's laughing eye ;
Time's hand, mayhap, hath filled the tiny scoop,
Whose silver thread crept round the woody slope,
Now catching beams that straggled through the glade,
Now darkling, dimpling, in the purple shade,
Then leaping lightly down a tinkling side,
With whispers sweet and low as evening-tide.
The maple leaves that hung, and quivered there,
Flinging soft music on the breezy air—
Do they still flutter in the fragrant breath
That sweeps along the lightly bending heath ?
Or has the woodman's sounding steel laid low
The boughs that sheltered us in long ago ?
Nor heard a pleading tone with echoes free,
Float from the past—" Oh woodman spare that tree !"
It may be so—those arms may mouldering lie—
The little fountain-urn be choked and dry ;
'Tis but a symbol of the dreams that smiled
Within the bosom of that laughing child !
The promise-stem of joy full early lay
Upon the border of Affection's way !
The music of the dancing stream that gushed
From out that trusting heart was early hushed !
Sweet Eva ! like the wavelets of the stream,
Was ebb'd the tide of thy delicious dream !
Love's lattice, o'er the lawn of Memory,
Look through and sigh ; 'tis all that's left to thee !
Yet once again ; I would essay to paint—
Although the coloring be thin and faint—

That little household band as once it drew
Around the cheerful hearth, at fall of dew.

The humble-minded farmer, college-bred,
With warm free heart and knowledge-laden head;
His mild blue eye and lip, 'mid great and small,
Had placid smiles and pleasant words for all;
And much the wonder was that he should come,
To plant amid the wilds a rural home;
Nursed in the lap of luxury and pride,
Upon the whirring waves of life's full tide,
He turned his barque from busy scenes of childhood,
And anchored down amid a stranger wildwood,
Content to watch the green and springing grain,
And lead the tottering boy across the plain,
Loud prattling as he plucked the violet blue,
And shook its little leaflets wet with dew;
He breathed no sigh for life's far-distant mart,
But veiled in calm retreat a peaceful heart.
Yet much, they said, his calling he mistook
In mooring up in this delightful nook
To train the tender blade—the cause was plain,
He better knew of lore than tending grain.

All are adapted to a certain sphere,
By Nature's laws—this truth is very clear;
The youthful Artist, with his brilliant eye,
Untaught, in systematic art to dye
The snowy canvas, steals a leaflet fair,
And leaves the impress of his genius there;
The artful lawyer of consummate skill,
Though without brief, will be a lawyer still.
Thus with our farmer nobly delving there,
Wasting his talents on the "desert air;"

The truth of Nature's laws, I'll plainly show,
For when he planted, nothing nice would grow !
Yet all unmoved he viewed the scanty store,
With grateful heart for that, nor sighed for more ;
Beloved of all, he smoothly stemmed Life's tide,
And if he erred it was on virtue's side.

And then the housewife, with her midnight hair,
In thick folds parted on her forehead fair,
And eyes like ebon gems, in silver set,
Half-hid behind a drooping fringe of jet.
Brought up in town, she better loved to thread
The busy mart, than where the elfins tread ;
Amid the shadows of the dewy dell,
She loved to roam *awhile*, but not to dwell :
The blooming garden owned her nursing hand,
But better far, the rose-exotic stand ;
The golden jessamine, the red woodbine,
Around the cottage eaves she taught to twine,
Then 'mid their rich luxuriance look aroun'
With calm content—then wish herself in town !
And if she would, she would, and that was all,
If not, she would not, let what would befall ;
And if she loved, no storm the tie could sever,
But cling through summer's sun and wintry weather.

And there the blue-eyed happy-hearted girl,
With auburn tresses easy coaxed to eurl,
And round, plump form, and forehead broad and low,
With fair, meek face and cheeks of softest glow ;
A purer, truer heart ne'er owned a rest
Within the parterre of a mortal breast ;
A frown ne'er settled on her sunny brow,
But if you erred, she'd chide you sweet and low,

And at the beauty of her gentle tone,
You shrank abashed, contrasted with your own.
She was a soft south breeze, that steals along
With soothing balm, and lowest whispered song,
Refreshing, cool, to heated, drooping flowers
That bend beneath the beams of summer hours:
Where'er she strayed, her pure and lovely mind,
Would leave a thread of hopeful light behind.
Swift as the young gazelle she bounded through
The breezy woodlands fresh with early dew,
And cropped the peeping buds that clustered there,
To wreath amid her flowing ringlets fair,
Or danced beside the brooklet's pebbly bed,
With step as airy as the young fawn's tread,
And chased the unfledged nestling, tottering light,
With little wings outspread to aid its flight
Around the broad old meadow, glowing green,
Where buttercups and sleepy daisies lean
Their half-shut eyes upon the bolder blade,
And lift their freshened lids, amid its shade,
Or noiseless creep amid the vines entwined,
From her who scampered with less speed behind,
And breathless list, with throbbing heart, to greet
The rain-like patter of her tiny feet,
Then stuff her parted lips with russet gown,
To keep the ill-suppressed titter down,
As close she halted by her hiding-place,
And scanned the premises with knowing face;
As through the parted leaves a shining eye
Is peering down, she nimbly scrambles by,
And gathering up her slender roe-like feet,
O'er the bright meadow beats a quick retreat,

With ringing laugh thrown on the summer wind,
And leaves the little struggler far behind.

That mossy meadow—many a silver lay
Hath floated there in childhood's halcyon day,
As round the luscious berries clustering bright,
Were gathered busy fingers, black and white,
To pick the rubies from the emerald sward,
A dainty for the plain but plenteous board :
And many a snowy tip grew red and gay,
Tinged with the tide that slowly oozed away
Beneath two hands, antagonistic, pressed,
In haste to grasp the nicest and the best ;
Yet far more ripe and tempting ones, I ween,
Found home elsewhere, than on the board were seen !

And now I'll whisper of the dark-eyed boy,
His father's pride, his mother's pet and joy ;
Before his shout the panting rabbit sped,
And in its burrow hid its throbbing head ;
The frisky squirrel from his height defied him,
Securely lodged, and chattered as he eyed him.
Ah, I remember when the Spring's first buds
Began to blow upon the green hill sides,
And lilies drooped within the golden beams,
Upon the margin of the silver streams,
How lightly his young foot the heather pressed,
In surreptitious search of tiny nest
Deep hid amid the fern and tangled hedge,
Or peeping through the saturated sedge ;
He'd count the globose treasures o'er, that crowned it,
But leave the wiry nest-home as he found it.
And when, in Autumn, crowns of gold were laid
Upon the forest brows, in tints arrayed—

When silken leaves, with Summer's life-tide red,
In gorgeous drapery wove with sunlight-thread,
Hung round the death-couch of the failing year,
And Nature starred it with a farewell tear—
The hushed old woods and rifled fields he'd scan,
With dog and gun and think himself a man:
Through the still hours the deep and sullen boom,
Of hunter's gun to cottage home would loom,
And in the mind of tiny girl at play,
Awaken visions of the falling prey.
And if by chance a fatal charge should launch
A nimble quadruped from greenwood branch,
With swelling soul he seized the wincing game,
Proud as a poet of poetic fame!
Gay whistling to the snuffing, faithful scout,
With most important air he'd wheel about,
Fusée on shoulder, swinging precious store,
And strike a line of march, nor wait for more—
Lord of the wilds he strode the woodland drear,
With stately pointer bringing up the rear,
Until emerging into open ground,
With gladsome whine, and ears erect, he'd bound
Headlong adown the broad and sandy track,
Full speed for cottage home—now looking back
To see if youthful Nimrod is in sight,
Now plunging forward with renewed delight,
Till gained the goal, he scales the trembling wall,
And homeward march of Victor, tells to all.

Upon the air there rings a merry shout,
And in the breeze stray curls are floating out,
As down the slight descent, with childish might,
The little sister comes, like streak of light;

With well pleased smile he views her from afar,
As on she flutters, like a shooting star,
And at her, as she patters down the hill,
He shakes the trophy of his wond'rous skill.

Now from the cottage door, a smile of joy
Is gleaming, like a sunbeam, on her boy ;
The good dame stands with ready heart and will,
To pat his pate, and praise his manly skill ;
Then snug ensconsed upon the shining floor,
With much ado he " fights his battles o'er."

Yet once again—I will essay to tell
Of her, the wanderer wild o'er hill and dell ;
The brown-haired, frail, and dreamy hazel-eyed,
Who woodland's thickest barriers defied ;
A sunny, tearful, visionary thing,
With wayward fancy ever on the wing ;
Close where the poplar lifts its leafy limbs,
And the old casement with brown shadows dims,
From morn till dewy eve she'd lie in trance,
And drink the nectar of the last romance !—
Now creeping snail-like down the darkened stair,
At farmer's bidding, to the waiting fare,
Scarce touching it, yet dreaming all the while,
Of Mortimer's or Sobieski's smile !
Or picture an ideal, with delight,
And fix her mind to love it at *first sight* !
Poor child ! she drank the flavored beverage up,
Nor dreamed a serpent coiled within the cup !
Then back with springy step and brightened eye,
Unto the treasured volume noiseless hie,
Smooth back the leaf that marked the broken strain,
Catch up the brilliant thread and wind again,

Scarce heeding the black eye and slender bill,
That shine and clatter on the casement-sill,
Of the red robin come from haunts remote,
To pour out anthems from his tiny throat,
Till startled by the turning of a page,
With ruffled plumage would his might engage,
And flit and perch upon the jessamine,
Then stretch his little neck and look within,
As though he wondered she should waste away
The golden moments of so fair a day.

And when the gorgeous eve's last blushing ray,
Crimsoned the brow of the departing day,
With its warm kiss—and cloudlets, floating free,
Like fairy barques skimming an azure sea,
Lay calmly moored the golden stars amid,
And the soft twilight's pale, dew-laden lid
Drooped heavily upon night's misty cheek,
And nature slumbered, like an infant meek,
Down through the sighing grove, with silent tread,
She'd wander off and linger 'mid the dead.

That little graveyard, where the blue-box crept
Above the form of him who early slept
Beside that old brown church—and where the rose
Its leaflets scattered at the summer's close,
She'd roam around, till deeper shadows lay
Above the jeweled moss of homeward way,
Then startled by the low wind's plaintive moan,
That seemed to her young ear a spirit tone,
A furtive glance around the home of death,
With whitened cheek and half-suspended breath,
She'd doubtful cast, and conjure up a face,
Sly peering from each silent resting place,

Or fancy shadowy forms amid the leaves
That swept, and rustled 'gainst the old church eaves!—
With wild heart-throbs she'd fly like frightened dove,
Through the dim haze of the ambrosial grove,
Swift and more swift, as to her childish mind,
Her echoes seemed like troopers close behind!
Till gained the cottage gate, then stand and peer
Back through the gloom, and chide her idle fear.

Ah me! that little chapel, where the leaves
Hung in thick clusters o'er the mossy eaves,
And penciled purple patches o'er the sward,
So smoothly spread around that silent yard,
When from the open lattice of the east,
A ruby hand drew up the cloud of mist
That veiled the waking earth, and the bright eye
Of Morn flew open with a languid sigh,
And smiling Nature, meekly looking through
Long lashes wet with drops of shining dew,
Admired its own fair face, reflected bright,
Within a broad, clear mirror of sunlight,
Suspended by a golden cord on high,
And let down by Aurora from the sky—
It was a blessed spot! Methinks I hear
The drowsy murmurs of the waters clear,
That washed along that wild-flower dotted base,
Winding and flashing with bewitching grace,
Leaving soft whispers as they crept from sight,
Like silver serpent gliding through moonlight.

Methinks I hear again, as long ago,
The gifted preacher's deep and gushing flow
Of holy sounds, as 'neath that sacred dome,
He pointed upward to a heavenly home,

With blue eyes beaming with intense delight,
As beatific regions heaved in sight;
With form erect, and hand uplifted high,
He'd paint the glorious home beyond the sky,
Then in foreboding accents, low, portray
The horrors of the retribution day,
Delineating it with graphic zeal,
And crown the consummation with a peal,
From lifted hand upon the desk brought down,
To make you think 'twas the last trumpet's sound!
"An Israelite indeed," in whom no guile
Lay hid beneath his warm and soul-felt smile;
Hard by the cottage home, dim through the trees,
That oftentimes shut it out, bent by the breeze,
The good man had his home—a peaceful spot,
Where cool recess and nook, and shady grot
Uprose around that mammoth lawn of green,
Where settling sunshine spread its silvery sheen,
Faint struggling through the trembling foliage, down,
To star with gold the sombre shades of brown;
And sloping gently to the wild waves' roar,
The long lane leading to the good man's door,
Swept round the angle, crossed by noisy rills,
That rose beyond, and fell among the hills,
So coolly trickling down the rugged side,
You longed to stoop and drink the tempting tide,
Now leaping edges 'mid the laurel leaves,
And dripping like spring-rain from cottage-eaves,
Then crawling lazily beneath a cloak
Of velvet grass, into the dark Roanoke,
Whose eddying waves climbed up the river's brink,
In wreaths of spray, for infant buds to drink,

That bend in groups, with half-closed eyes, and dream
Upon the green edge of the dimpling stream,
That softly sings a soothing lullaby,
With bird-notes for a lingering symphony.

Methinks I hear again the gleeful tone
That echoed 'mid those hills in years ago,
As o'er the crackling heath, the sounding beat,
Went swelling onward, from the many feet
That clambered up the wild and tangled height,
Dragging "slow length along," with cheeks as bright
As maple blossoms floating in a heap
Of crimson, on the brook far down the steep—
A happy group, ere yet the breath of years
Had soiled the petals of the heart with tears;
A sister-band with girlish spirits free
As the wild waves that walk the trackless sea.

Where are they now—those fair unfettered ones,
Whose bounding spirits gushed in ringing tones
Around those dim old hills, as, side by side,
They quit the summit for the glassy tide,
Now clinging to the stems that kindly lent
Support, to save them from too swift descent;
Half-pouting, laughing, as the wild-rose hedge
They scrambled through down to the water's edge—
Where are they now—the group that gathered there?
Goes down the Past, and "echo answers—where?"

See, yonder, crouched beneath a giant oak,
That stretches out its long arms o'er Roanoke,
A form bespattered with its shiny tears,
Whose head is silvered with the dust of years,
Enticing hard the flirty, finny tribe,
The writhing, dainty 'lurement to imbibe—

Off springs a wilful one with streaming hair,
To greet the well known angler dozing there,
Looks coaxing in his face with pleading eye,
And begs the good man "please to let her try."
With kindly smile he yields the bending rod,
And settles down into a quiet nod,
Until arrested by a whispered sign,
Bidding him wake and watch the bobbing line;
Good nature in his sleepy eye grows full,
As o'er he leans, to teach her when to pull;
With nervous swing she twirls her cottage hat,
All heedless down upon the sobby plat,
And firmly grasps the reed with both small hands,
Awaiting with fixed gaze his wise commands;
Off goes the taughtened line with sudden twirl,
And round the sinking buoy the waters curl—
Now comes the test—and with a merry peal,
And mighty pull, out flirts a floundering—*eel!*

Loud rose the cries, and off they scattered wide,
Winding away along the dark hill-side
With cautious tread, now peering through the brake,
In search of rounded coil of dreaded snake,
Fancy converting every harmless limb,
Into like monster on the water's rim.

The good man watches with a twinkling eye,
And shakes his sides to see the young troop fly,
Till round their forms the dusky hills are closing,
Then dips the line, and sets again to dozing.

Who of that girlish band that wandered free,
Through the wild woods, or o'er the velvet lea,
Or lingered, awed, around the vine-clad sod
That rounded o'er the holy man of God,

Or wove a brilliant wreath for years to come,
Close by the beat of brooklet's drowzy drum,
Or scrambled up the rough hill's dark defiles,
Or bounded through the honeysuckle wilds,
Dreamed that the future nursed a pensive lay,
From far-off home, back to those scenes to stray,
From one of that gay group whose trembling sigh
Should waken up the slumbering years gone by,
To whisper mournful to that parted train,
Of joys departed ne'er to come again?

Yet so it was—of all, alone 'twas mine
The fate to worship at the Muse's shrine—
The dreamy Muse, that Solitude endears,
Courtied in smiles, yet oftener, far, in tears!

Deserted Homestead! none will ever know
Delights surpassing those of long ago,
When cozily around thy crackling fire,
Was wheeled the "old arm-chair" of loving sire,
Amid his little flock—while gathered snug,
Poor Pussy purrs upon the warm hearth-rug,
And softly patting at the window-pane
Is heard the music of the drowsy rain—
It was a happy hearth, but change hath come
O'er all the scenes of that deserted home!

Sweet Lovelands, 'twas to thee I struck my lay,
And with thy name my song shall melt away;
And with a parting glance far through the maze
That clouds the distant scenes of other days,
Unstring my harp, and let the curtain fall—
Alas, the change that hath come over all!

M o t h e r.

I'm thinking of the days, mother,
The days now long gone by,
When first in rosy infant years,
I met thy loving eye.

Thy cheek was shadeless then, mother,
The light of youth was there,
And beautiful the sunny beams
Upon thy forehead fair.

But now the hand of Time, mother,
Hath flung a feeble trace—
A veil of pensive thoughtfulness,
Across thy blessed face.

There's less of lightness now, mother,
Within thy gentle tone;
Less of the soul's wild joyousness,
Than in the years ago.

And yet thy cheek is smooth, mother,
Thy wealth of jetty hair,
The hand of Time hath swept, nor left
A line of silver there.

But ah! the heart, the *heart*, mother,
No change, with time, hath known;
'Tis yet a full, free, gushing fount,
As in the years ago.

Ah me! the years gone by, mother,
I live them o'er again;
I'm bounding through the blossomed wilds,
And o'er the mossy plain,

Till, wearied with the race, mother,
I lean upon thy breast,
And find in thy supporting arms
A cradle-home of rest.

And when the fever-flush, mother,
Was on my burning cheek,
Methinks I see thy watching form,
So like an angel meek,

Bending above my aching head,
To soothe its throbbing pain—
Ah me! a love like *thine*, mother,
I ne'er shall know again!

I knew not all thy worth, mother,
Till fate had traced a line,
And reared a barrier of space
Between thy heart and mine.

But when with throbbing brow, mother,
I roamed that distant land,
A lone and yearning wanderer,
Amid a stranger band;

Ah ! then I learned to *feel*, mother,
We ne'er can find a rest,
In this low world, so soft and true,
As on a *mother's* breast !

I never can repay, mother,
The debt of love I owe,
For all the care and tenderness
Of now and long ago.

And could I live the days, mother,
The by-gone days all o'er,
I would efface full many a trace,
And strive to bless thee more !

There's many a thoughtless word, mother,
Of childhood's careless day,
And many a wild and heedless deed,
I fain would sweep away.

I would not tarry here, mother,
When thy life-cord is riven,
But sleep with thee the sleep of death,
And go with thee to Heaven !

For well I know I ne'er shall find
A love within another,
So fond and true and pure as thine,
My own beloved mother !

The Last Link is Broken.

“ But ’tis useless to upbraid thee
With thy past or present state ;
What thou wast my fancy made thee,
What thou art, I know too late.”—BYRON.

THE last link that bound me to thee is now broken,
The heart that once loved thee is free ;
The bosom whose peace you’ve invaded, gives token
Of sighs, but it sighs not for thee.

The bright buds that bloomed in life’s earlier years,
In this bosom lie blighted and dead,
And the leaflets of Memory hang dripping with tears,
For the joys that forever have fled !

You know I once loved thee, though now I am free,
Ay, loved thee too fondly, in vain ;
All the hopes of my young heart were given to thee,
Ah ! can you return them again ?

Can you give back the *trust* of life’s roseate hours ?
The *peace* of an unfettered heart ?
Can you give back the freshness to Love’s faded flowers,
Whose bloom thou hast bidden depart ?

No more ! ah ! no more can their beauty return,
So crushed by Wo’s deadliest blast,
And memory hangs weeping around the pale urn
That marks the dark grave of the Past !

I cannot upbraid thee—go! go and forget!
Or smile at the wreck thou hast made;
Unnumbered with days, be the day that we met—
Prelude to affection betrayed.

The last link is broken—our paths lead apart—
May coldness inspirit thy way,
Nor Remorse thrust its venomous fang to thy heart,
For the bliss thou hast blasted for aye!

Farewell!—what a waste of pale hopes lies afar,
Evoked by that soul-stirring strain!
Sweet hopes that lie crushed with Love's earliest star,
To bless us, ah! never again!

Farewell! thou hast darkened the heart that was thine;
'Twas the semblance of Honor that bound it;
I'll return to thee calmly, the one that was mine,
With no vine of affection around it.

Farewell! ay, farewell!—all our dreamings were vain—
Hadst thou known how this bosom could feel,
Thou surely hadst spared it the withering pain,
Beyond earthly power to heal!

Farewell!—I can brave thy upbraidings and tears,
Nor weep for the link that is broken;
The cords thou couldst waken, in long buried years,
Give back to thy name not a token.

Farewell and forever!—when Thought wends away
To the heart that once fondly was thine,
Remembrance will whisper its maddening lay,
And Remorse sting the one that was mine!

My Casket of Gems.

AN ELEGANT ALBUM, CONTAINING THE AUTOGRAPHS OF THE PRESIDENT, EX-PRESIDENT
T—, VICE PRESIDENT, HEADS OF THE DEPARTMENTS, SENATORS, AND MEMBERS OF
THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. PRESENTED BY A MEMBER OF THE THIRTY-FIRST
CONGRESS.

MY noble Coz, I may not rightly tell
How much I prize thy gift, invaluable;
I've turned and turned each glossy leaf of white,
Unfolding gems, the brightest in the crown
Of a proud nation's glory. And I've thought
Of tinselled wealth, and dreamed of laurelled Fame,
Till the faint lingerings of a roseate day
Have melted in the mist of twilight dim,
And the fair, virgin moon, of palest gold,
Peeps down with love, from her blue home afar,
Shaking her shining tresses of soft beams
Upon each page of pearl. And sparkling dew
Comes dripping from the urn of the fringed night,
To the sweet, waxen cups of half-blown flowers,
That bend their jeweled rims to the red lip
Of light-browed fays, that stoop to drink
The cooling nectar. Away in the deep sea
Of Heaven's blue, floats out a shining fleet
Of stars, that tip the violet waves of air,

With golden fringe, but pales to silver, in
The clear, deep lake of light, that brightly bears
The gondola of the gay Queen of Night,
Upon its breast of beams. Oh! I have gazed
Upon this sea of azure, tinged with dyes,
Till Thought flew up, and painted a bright *name*,
With pencil dipped in ether's vase of hues,
Upon each star-barque floating on the flood
Of the blue ocean of immensity.

Dear Coz, how like the wreath of star-gems, twined
In yonder heaven, this circlet here, that binds
Our nation's brow. *That* spans a world of love;
This gilds fair Freedom's coronal of pride,
Shedding rich lustre on her marble dome,
Speeding our glorious Eagle in her flight,
Upward and onward to the brilliant sun.

But one bright star lies crushed, and darkly dim,
On the dull brow of Death! *A star hath set*
Since first this fillet wound these silken leaves;
Its struggling beams, folded in sable shroud,
Lies dimmed for aye, beyond the walls of Time!

Ah! soon the hands that wrought this living wreath,
Shall, too, lie cold! Proud hearts shall pulse no more,
And lips, all eloquent, shall hush in death!
Oh! when the Monarch of the misty Tomb,
Robs Earth's tiara of each burnished beam
That glitters here, Heaven grant the immortal part
Of crushed Mortality may float for aye,
Upon the eternal beams of His own love!

A Star hath Set.

(TO THE MEMORY OF THE HON. J. C. CALHOUN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.)

A STAR hath set! the last faint gleam of gold
 Hath faded out in darkness! Never more
 The sparkling gem shall stud the coronet
 Of a proud nation's glory! "Nevermore!"
 Ah! never shall the zenith of a sky
 Of mighty grandeur, give its splendor back,
 To gild the brow of Earth! Plucked from its throne
 Of star-girt majesty, the Spoiler's hand,
 Tinged with the quivering blaze of mortal Fame,
 Folds up the struggling beams in sable shroud,
 And lays them down beyond the walls of Time.
 Out from its ocean-grave, no prisoned ray
 Shall glimmer back, far o'er the trackless way,
 To tinge the wreath wrought by an Intellect
 Of loftiest power. A wreath that twines
 In deathless lustre, round the Parian urn
 Of mortal might.

A star hath set, in gloom!
 No more the forum of a nation proud,
 Shall hail its rise! The Spoiler's tyrant grasp

Gives back no gathered gem from Earth's rich crown.
Oh, conquerer Death! Despoiler, thou *shalt* yield
Thy jewels up. Thy brazen shield shall crush
Beneath thy stolen spoil! What hast thou done!
Climbed to the summit of a nation's pride,
And hurled its glory down!—torn from its crest
A gem to decorate thy midnight brow!—
Robbed Earth's tiara of a burnished beam!
Give back thy prize, oh Death! yield up thy prey!
Heaven tears thy wrested wealth of Earth away!
Hope! kiss the dew from sweet Affection's eye,
And softly hush fond nature's mourning sigh;
Then plume thy sunny wings and float away,
To seek the splendor of a stolen ray,
Amid the beams of Heaven's tiara.
Oh monarch Death! fold up thy sable wing,
Nor boast the anguish of thy maddening sting,
“Eternal Hope” a healing balm can bring,
To cheat thy hate Oh lustrous, fadeless star!
The glory of thy brilliance burns afar!
Affection's heart, Hope's golden way hath trod,
To hail thy dawn before the throne of God!

In Heaven there's Rest.

WHAT though the wings of darkness spread
 Above my head,
And sorrow's wild and icy dart
 Is at my heart;
This can relume my darkened breast.
 In Heaven there's Rest.

I'm wandering in a varied way
 Of changeful ray;
I'm roaming through a thorny maze
 Of changing days;
Yet this can give to life a zest.
 In Heaven there's Rest.

Let falsehood stain life's fairest leaf,
 With withering grief,
And perish Love's most cherished bloom,
 Within the tomb,
Yet this can gild Hope's fading crest.
 In Heaven there's Rest.

An Allegory.

It was the sweet, the dewy hour of eve ;
Star-gems bespangled the deep azure scroll
That bright unrolled above the quiet breast
Of dreaming Earth. A voice of music strange,
Like spirit-whispers stole upon my ear,
And wheresoe'er it listed, led us on.

I saw a purling stream of sparkles bright,
Bearing upon its light and silvery wave,
Innumerable gems and jewels rare,
That flashed and sparkled in the glad sunshine,
To wistful eyes of thousands crowded round
Its emerald rim, to drink the liquid tide,
And grasp with eager hands the golden freight.
And saw I one in manhood's glowing prime,
Turn from its bed the richly burdened tide,
And unmolested by obtruding hands,
With burning lips and brightly flashing eyes,
He fondly gathered up the burnished ore,
Delighted dipping in the bright cool wave,
Till Life's sun to meridian arose.
As from the zenith slowly sank the orb,
A beauteous spirit softly fluttered down,

On bright and painted wings of loveliest hue,
Through ether's blue immense, and gently touched
The o'er-enamored toiler. Startled wide,
Upon the bright-winged messenger he gazed,
And tremulously whispered—"What wouldst thou?"

ANGEL.

"Poor mortal ! I have watched thee long and well,
From fair and earliest dawn of rosy life—
Through blissful, buoyant youth with thee have gone,
And shielded thee and blessed thy bounding heart ;
And pitying thee, in manhood's fairest years,
I come from yonder bright abode of bliss—
Together let us reason. What is man ?
He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down ;
He fleeth as a shadow and is not ;
His life, a vapor, melteth soon away ;
Then whose shall all these hoarded treasures be ?
Wilt thou heap wrath against the day of wrath ?
If he shall win the whole of earth and lose
Eternity, what is man profited ?
Away from this unsatisfying stream,
That rolls its golden stores to lure to death !
I, Righteousness of Purity's bright band,
Will lead thee to a deep and crystal fount,
Whose waters quaffed, thou nevermore shalt thirst."

Upon the shining speaker's cherub face,
That glowed with pure angelic loveliness,
The toiler gazed entranced, and murmured, faint—

"Almost thou dost persuade to be of thee!"
Now on the singing waves that seemed to flash
With light unwonted, fell his thoughtful eye,
And bent caressing o'er the baubles bright,
He madly cried "For this time go thy way!
In time convenient I will call for thee!"
A pitying tear the kindly Angel dropped
O'er the infatuated child of earth,
Then spread his painted wings and soared away,
Up to the throne, through ether's violet sea.

Amid the golden gems that floated on,
Upon the dazzling tide, the sunbeams grouped,
And warmed his fevered brow as on he toiled,
To grasp the brilliant jewels rolling on,
Thick clustering to his feet, exhaustless.
The slanting rays of pale and feeble gleams,
Bespoke the harvest past, the summer gone!
Again a spirit bright with pinions broad,
On music winds waved down and softly touched,
With golden wand, the toiler's heated brow.
The glittering dross he tremblingly resigned,
And on the shining form affrighted gazed.

SECOND ANGEL.

"Mortal, seest thou yon sun how faint it gleams,
As low it stoopeth down to yon dark sea?
Soon shall it set for aye, beneath its tide!
Soon as its golden urn shall dip yon waves,
Thy soul shall be the sport of mocking fiends,
Who lure thee thus so sweetly on in Time,

To torture thee throughout Eternity !
 Awake thou sleeper ! for thy life escape !
 In all the plain stay not ! I, Temperance,
 Of Love's pure band, will guard thee to yon mount,
 And panoply thy form, that thou mayest stand
 Firm in the evil day."

MORTAL.

"Spirit, see here !

How soothingly these sparkling jewels sing,
 Upon the bosom soft of this sweet stream !
 Let me but gather these that glow so fair,
 And *then*, bright Angel, I will go with thee !"

With eyes bedewed with warm compassion-pearls,
 The cherub plumed his light and sunny wings,
 And floated back to join the angel-choir.
 Eve's shadows fluttered o'er the withered brow
 Of the pale struggler. Life's chill, wintry winds
 Swept round his drooping form as on he toiled,
 Beside the witching stream. The fading sun
 His last, and lengthened beam of burnish threw
 Amid his snowy locks, ere it withdrew
 Forever. Upon its fading beauty,
 In distance paling, smilingly he gazed,
 And whiles he murmured with a tranquil brow—
 "Soul, thou hast much in store for many years,
 Eat, drink, and merry be"—a seraph wing,
 The evening zephyr broke, and radiant form,
 In awful majesty descended near.
 Before the brilliant glance he trembling shrank,
 And cowered 'neath the sword suspended o'er.

THIRD ANGEL.

“ Judgment-to-come, mortal, the name I bear,
 Of Justice’s bold and never-yielding band;
 Almost thy days are numbered; goeth down
 Thy sun of Life in dim and starless night.
 Rejected, scorned, two spirit-messengers,
 Hast thou, poor mortal! quail you not
 Before Judgment-to-come, the glittering sword
 Of Justice, shall be speedily unsheathed,
 And find a scabbard in thy mangled soul!”

And as he reasoned long of righteousness,
 Of temperance, and of judgment to come,
 The guilty toiler trembled.

MORTAL.

“ Spirit, see here!
 Almost this golden cup is running o’er!
 A little longer let me gather up
 The sparkling gems, and brim this silver urn,
 And *then*, fair cherub, *I will go with thee!* ”

A voice from Heaven sounded in his ear—
 “ Unto his idols joined!—*let him alone!* ”
 And the bright spirit of the Lord went up!

’Twas midnight, and the toiler’s aching head,
 A thorny pillow pressed; and as he watched
 The seeming flight of some far-distant one,
 In agony he shrieked—“ Come back! come back!”

A dark one laid his wan and icy hand
 Upon his pallid brow,—“Not thou! not thou!”
 In deep despair, he cried: “No mercy here!”
 The mocker laughed, and wrapped his ebon wings,
 The icy form around, and bore him down,
 Deep down to deathless wo! Long years rolled on;
 Upon the boiling waves the toiler rose;—
 I heard a watchman cry

“Oh, spirit lost!

What wouldst thou, in exchange, give for thy soul?”
 A shout of agony came bounding o’er
 The rock-cased gulf of deep and dark despair—

SPIRIT LOST.

“Each particle of earth, go number o’er;
 A million ages to each atom tell;
 Compute the whole,—as many ages *here*,
 If then Eternity, *Eternity* might end!”

A fiendly host with horrid wo begrimmed,
 Upon the wild and raging waves arose;
 The smoking waters heaved beneath the swell,
 Of misery’s mighty group of tortured souls;
 And racked that dark abode, a loud, long wail,
 From spirits lost—

“Watchman what of the night?”

A torturing sound rolled back from Zion’s wall—
 “Eternity, thou fool, Eternity!”

Love's Young Dream.

SHE left her childhood's home,
A young and trusting bride;
To distant lands he bore her,
In triumph by his side.
She thought not of the future,
The friends she left behind,
For in *his* arms she only,
True happiness could find.

She bade farewell to scenes
Where her first hours were passed,
And not one shade of sadness
Her sunny brow o'ercast.
Her young and pure affections
To him were wholly given,
His smile dispelled life's every care,
With *him* this world was heaven.

And he was worthy of her—
 That noble, generous breast
 Was but the seat of virtues
 Which give to life a zest.
 She was his earthly idol,
 No other lips had power
 To soothe his troubled spirit
 In dark misfortune's hour.

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Time flew. Long years rolled by,
 And noted as they passed,
 That yet no change was wrought;
 But ah! *it came at last!*
 Too soon, alas! she saw
 Her fondest hopes decay,
 All joy, and Love's Young Dream
 In sorrow passed away!

Far from her native land
 She dwelt on former hours,
 When time swept softly by,
 And strewed her way with flowers,
 When friends that ne'er could change,
 Were ever by her side,
 With words of love and smiles of light,
 For her, their joy and pride.

But he? Ah! was *he* false?
 Could faithlessness e'er rest
Within that once fond heart,
 With noblest virtues blest?
Ah no—he loved her still—
 A pure and sacred flame,
Upon the altar of his heart,
 Burned, as of yore, the same.

He gazed upon that cheek,
 From which the rose had fled.
What thought he? That her heart
 For *him* with anguish bled?
Ah no! the green-eyed monster
 Around his heart had coiled!
He nourished it, and Eden's bowers
 Were soon of peace despoiled!

He thought she loved another,
 And madness filled his brain,
No tears, or fond devotion,
 Could confidence regain!
And yet he treasured all
 Her words and looks of yore,
Her smiles of trusting fondness
 He *would not* hope for, more!

But why distrust the truth
 Of one who all resigned
For him, and sought *afar*
 True happiness to find?

Alas! some thoughtless glance
Had wrung a heart so zealous;
She durst not look above,
A *star* could make him jealous!

That breast, once true and noble,
Was now dark passion's throne,
But ah! he wept in madness,
O'er joys forever flown!
Whoe'er would find perfection—
That gem of priceless worth—
Go seek it in yon heaven,
'Tis not of mortal birth.

At length she read it all—
She took his icy hand,
And sighed, "Farewell, forever!
I seek my native land!"
Despair now filled his bosom—
He read his future fate
In her indignant glances—
Alas! what woes await!

Too late he learned his madness,
And knelt in humbled pride
Before that injured creature,
His gentle, spotless bride.
Too well he loved, he said,
And mourned his hapless fate;
He deep repentance felt—
But ah—*it came too late!*

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She sought her childhood's home,
 A sad and hopeless bride;
 From distant lands she wandered
 Back to her father's side.
 She thought *now* of the future,
 The one she left behind,
 Far from his bosom, never
 She happiness could find.

Once more she greeted scenes
 Where halcyon hours were passed,
 But now deep shades of sadness
 O'er her pale brow were cast.
 For, ah! her first affections
 Had early been betrayed,
 And all her words and smiles of love,
 With dark distrust repaid!

She lingered o'er the Past
 With sad though vain regret;
Unworthy though she knew him,
She never could forget.
 She mingled with the gay,
 The fairest of them all;
 But ah! the *heart* was *absent*,
 No joy could on it fall!

To Heaven she turned, and sought
 Forgetfulness in prayer,
 And in oblivion's shade
 To throw corroding care.
 'Twas vain! Within a darkened room
 She lay—that being fair—
 No murmur 'scaped her lips, but ah!
 The heart was breaking there!

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He came. She knew him not—
 That youthful, lovely brow,
 In life with sadness veiled,
 Was calm and placid now.
 He pressed those pale, cold lips,
 He oft had kissed with pride,
 'Twas done—Love's Dream had fled—
 He breathed her name and died!

When shall we All meet again?

WHEN the waves of Time are still,
When its pulses cease to thrill—
When the toils of earth are done,
When its varied course is run—
When shall hush the saddened sigh,
When the *parting tear* shall dry—
When the aching head shall rest
From its weight of cares oppressed—
When beyond all mortal pain,
Then, oh! then we'll *meet again!*

Where sweet flowers perennial bloom,
Where the green turf hides no tomb—
Where bright, living waters flow,
Where the fruits of Pleasure grow—
Where unceasing raptures rise,
Where no bud of Joy e'er dies—
Where the songs of praise ne'er end,
But with Love their softness blend—
“Where immortal spirits reign,”
There oh! may we *meet again!*

Sister.

TO D. ELLEN GOODMAN, OF SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

WHY *don't* you come and sing, my love?
We've waited all too long
To catch the low Æolian tone
Of thy sweet mountain song.
Don't you remember songsters flee
Unto our Southern clime,
To make their softest melody
In Autumn's glorious time?

Then, warbler, plume thy spirit-wings,
And quit thy Northern bowers;
The chill that shrouds thy beauties all,
Lies gently yet o'er ours.
There's many a lovely eye of blue,
And many a rosy cheek,
Half-hid beneath the quivering leaves,
Still smiling pure and meek.

We love to look upon their brows,
And meet their azure eye,
And watch their lines of braided light
Grow brighter as they die,
We hear a voice in fading flowers,
And falling leaflets say
We soon, like them, must fade and fall,
And silent pass away !

There's wisdom in the drooping things
That bend in Autumn's breath,
Telling to frail Mortality
A tale of change and death !
They say 'tis sad to see the rose
And Summer's bright green leaf
Fold up their soft and silken dyes
In "sear and yellow" grief.

But *we* could never think it sad,
Or breathe a lonely sigh
To see the lovely things of earth
Wither away and die.
For in the low, hushed dreaminess
That steals the breath of flowers,
The heart of Nature seems to beat
In unison with ours.

There is a kindred loneliness
In Autumn's whispered tone,
Half-sorrowing, yet not sad, that wakes
An echo like its own.

Why should we sigh, to see them die,
The beautiful of earth,
The fairy Spring will shortly fling
New brightness o'er their birth.

And when at length their infant strength
Shall wake to light and bloom,
How shall we prize their laughing eyes,
Just peeping from the tomb!
For there's a deeper thrill of joy
That waits the absent dear—
A wilder bound o'er long-lost found,
Than what is always near.

Then let them lie, with bright blue eye
Beneath the ice-shroud hid,
A spirit away in a sunnier day,
Will lift up their waxen lid.

Oh! never let the shade of hours,
Fall o'er thy harp's bright string;
When Nature's gladness all hath fled,
Then is the time to sing.
When Winter comes to still the throb
Of Nature, with his darts,
Let's rear a wall of sun and song,
To keep him from our hearts.

There are blossoms in our breasts, my love,
That Winter cannot blight,
A garden of perpetual bloom,
That may be ever bright,

'Tis true vicissitudes may fling
 Around it shadows chill,
But there are heart-buds 'neath the shade,
 To burst and blossom still.

Far more than half the ills we meet
 Are blessings in disguise;
When Time hath lifted up their mask,
 They're lovely in our eyes.

And real ills that crowd about
 Our life-way dim and drear,
Imagination magnifies
 With trembling, idle fear.
Then let us smile, as down the aisle
 Of life, we silent glide,
And shun the shade that clouds the glade,
 And seek the brightest side.

For there's a hand that gently slopes
 Our pathway to the tomb;
A mighty arm to shield from harm,
 And guide us through earth's gloom—
A kindly power that lights each hour,
 And smooths our pathway here;
Then let us go through weal or wo,
 Nor ever faint or fear.

Then come from thy far-off home, my love,
 And wander through Southern bowers;
We've waited long for thy mountain song
 To whisper of Autumn hours.

There are beauties abroad in this sunny land,
Handmaidens of father Time,
Bestarred with the gold that his lavish hand
Hath showered in this fair clime.

We met them of late in the deep old woods,
Where they listed the Autumn breeze,
That swept back the tresses to kiss their cheeks,
Then singing went through the trees.
'Twas a playful sprite that wandered that night,
Let loose at the twilight hour,
For the leaves that it met flew off in a pet,
And fell in a glittering shower.

We thought as we gazed on the forest's brow,
By the light of a sunset ray,
That an angel had been to the summer's urn,
To gather its tints all away,
And halting awhile 'neath the dark, cool shade,
The lovely, returning saint,
While sleeping had tilted her vase of hues,
And sprinkled all earth with the paint!

Then come from thy Northern home, my love,
And sing to the drooping flowers;
There are stranger hearts that would gladly rove
With thee, in these Autumn hours,
But there's *another* silent harp
Unstrung in "Tara's hall;"
The world hath made a loop of care,
And hung it on the wall!

Oh! is it not unkind, my love,
 The world so cold should grow,
 As to seal up the fount of song
 And leave us waiting so?
 The world with all its witching wiles,
 Might woo *me* with its art,
 Its zealous hand could never shut
 The lattice of *my* heart.

No! let me rove unfettered, free,
 Along fair Fancy's strand,
 And gather shells of memory
 In an ideal land.
 They're frail and tintless ones, I know,
 But all of earth's false art,
 Could never soothe the void they fill
 Within a yearning heart.

Oh! would some kindly sprite would steal
 Away to "Tara's hall,"
 And softly loose *that* silent harp,
 And *gently let it fall!*
 The echo that its strings would wake,
 Might win a lovelier lay,
 For minstrel hearts so soft are framed,
 A whisper can betray.

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Good night, my love—my song is done,
The stars are in the sky ;
The moon looks through my casement here,
From her blue throne on high.
Good night—yet shall it, sister, be,
That I have sung in vain ?
I'll sing no more, indeed, my love,
Till you begin the strain.

Thy Breath of Love.

DEAREST, I sit in lingering light,
Weaving a song for thee ;
Oh! from my full heart may it float,
A strain of melody,
To waken in thy bosom's fane,
Remembrance like its own,
And waft from out thy sunny heart,
Thy long unlisted tone.

To mingle with the happy dreams
To soothe fond Memory,
As down the dell of dormant days,
It wends away to thee.
To thee, dear Kate! to thee, my own!—
Love of my childhood's years,
Soother of all my infant griefs,
Sharer of girlhood's tears.

Oh! if omnific will were mine,
Thy life, dear Kate, were this:
A barge festooned with loveliness,
And freighted deep with bliss;
And each bright year unlinked from Life
By Time's soft hand would be
Like to a blossom-belted isle
Within a smiling sea.

And as adown the stream of days,
Unruffled by a blast,
Thy barque swept on, each hope would be
A gem in all the Past.
And I would weave a wreath, dear Kate,
A wreath befitting thee,
Whose pearly hue would typify
Thy true heart's purity.

I would not twine the blushing bud
Amid thy wavy hair,
Nor mate the lily of the vale
With aught less pure or fair.

The tinted rose with all its pride,
Thy brow would not adorn,
For though its breath exhales perfume,
Its heart enfolds a thorn !

And when Life's years were all unstrung
By Age's feeble hand,
Love's golden links would pave thy way
Up to the better land.
But ah ! dear Kate, what fragile thoughts
Float through Utopia's clime ;
For life is but a "bridge of sighs,"
Thrown o'er the gulf of Time !

And we must walk the varying way,
And wander far apart ;
But though our paths converge not here,
We'll still be *one in heart*.
They say that Time can baffle Love,
And shut its starry eye,
But Love enkindled by *true worth*,
Can never change or die.

Nor fame, nor wealth, nor beauty's grace,
Can fetter *my* full heart,
And if my soul is blent with thine,
I know thee—as thou art.
You know how well I loved thee, Kate,
In life's unsullied day,
When my unfolding, tiny heart
Upon thy bosom lay ;

You know how I was wont to fold
My girlish arms to rest,
And dream of "Heaven and glorious things,"
Soft pillowed on thy breast.
And how I loved to steal a kiss
On thy unconscious brow;
Oh! I would give a world, sweet Kate,
To press its polish now!

I will not, dearest, think that we
Shall meet on earth no more;
No! let us hope to *meet again*,
And live the by-gone o'er;
But if ere then, my dreamless heart,
Sleeping in earth should lie,
I'll watch thee from the stars, dear Kate,
And bless thee from the sky.

Yet should *thy* spirit be the first
To print a golden star
Upon the drapery of eve
That falls in folds afar;
Oh! wreathe thy angel wings, dear Kate,
Around this heart of mine,
And soothe its wo, till God shall give
Its pulsings back to thine.

And when the last faint sigh of life,
From this hushed heart is riven,
Well loved on earth, we *then* shall meet,
In heaven, dear Kate, in heaven!

The Angel's Whisper.

I WAS dreaming, sadly dreaming,
 Dreaming of the things of yore,
With the lamp-light dimly gleaming,
 My sad bosom, dimly o'er.
I was thinking, darkly thinking,
 Of the tomb of buried bliss,
Whiles my spirit sore, was linking,
 Darkly linking wreath like this:—

What is life?—a thorny winding,
 Mazy winding hedged with care;
Rayless winding blackly binding
 Fainting spirits to despair!
What is Hope?—a phantom minion,
 Luring only to beguile;
Phantom minion, with its pinion
 Shrouding up the soul's young smile!

What is Love?—the bane of gladness,
Poisonous drop in Reason's cup;
Bane of gladness, wooing madness,
Drinking all the spirit up!
"Sister"—came a whisper, mildly,
Breathed into my dreaming ear,
And dismayed, I started wildly,
Wildly started I in fear.

Close beside me knelt a creature,
Lovely creature, young and fair,
And I scanned each perfect feature
Of the Angel kneeling there.
"Sister"—spake she—"dream not sadly,
Of the joys forever gone;
The morrow's sun may shine more gladly,
Darkness comes before the dawn.

"Life is not so dim and dreary,
As thy yearning spirit dreams;
Look beyond this shadow weary,
With soft light the future beams.
Say not, Love is only sorrow,
Sister, *Love is happiness*;
'Tis the lamp that gilds the morrow,
'God is Love,' and Love is bliss.

"I have watched thy hopeless dreaming,
Gazing in thy sad, dark eye;
I have seen despair's dread seeming,
Gathering on thy pale brow, high.

Thou art all too young to languish,
In the morn of rosy years,
And I bring thee hope for anguish,
Hope to waste thy urn of tears.

“ Bear on, sister, hush thy sighing,
Bid the Past's dark dreams depart,
Ere Remembrance' voice undying,
Wail its requiem o'er thy heart.”
Warm and deep my bosom blessed her,
As she spake with soothing art,
Smiling whiles I closer pressed her,
Lest her whispers should depart.

Now the night lamp's golden glimmer,
Fell in flood light on the floor,
As we knelt within its shimmer,
Union-plighted evermore.
And the Angel still is dwelling
In my soul, with music rife,
With her whisper ever telling,
(Hope and Love, is all of Life.)

HOME AFFECTIONS.

“ Have you a pleasant home, my sister ? and do dear and loved ones crowd about your way, whispering tones of affection and lulling your spirit with music-strains ? Has life, to you, been an unbroken dream of bliss—and its flowers—have they been thornless and fadeless ? Or has the shadow of adversity hovered around your head, and the voice of sighing been yours ?

“ LELIA MORTIMER.”

YES, dearest, I’ve a “pleasant home,”
A home of light and love,
Where dear ones “crowd about my way,”
Like angel forms above.
A loving *father’s* dear blue eye,
Is ever like a gleam
Of glorious summer sunshine flung
Upon an azure stream.

Long years have trembled all so light,
Above his blessed head,
And scattered only here and there,
A tiny silver thread.

I smooth the brown hair softly back,
Upon his noble brow,
And dream of long bright years to come,
All joyous ev'n as now.

I dare not think that time will steal
The love-light from his eye,
I cannot, *cannot* bear to think
That one *so* dear can die!
I know 'tis vain, and yet—and yet—
Ah yes! this life would be,
Without my father's blessed smile,
A darksome dream to me!

And, dearest, I've a *mother*, too,
With dark and glossy hair,
An eye of clearest hazel hue,
And cheek and brow so fair;
And rosy lips that breathe of truth,
And endless bliss above;
Ah! yes it is an Eden, dear—
A mother's priceless love!

And then a *brother's* gentle tone,
Is like the melody
That harp-strings give to softest touch,
So gushing and so free.
It seemeth but as yesterday,
That we in childhood played
Beneath the budding maple boughs
That hung in purple shade

Around that early home of mine,
So beautiful and gay;
That home! it seems more lovely, now
That we are far away!
I see the blossoms filled with dew,
The birds that warbled there,
The shining, creeping rills that made
Such music with the air.

I live again, in Memory,
Those by-gone hours o'er—
I scarce can think their starry hopes
Will bless my heart no more!
Methinks I see the trusting smile,
So sinless, soft and meek,
That used to play in sunny love
Upon my brother's cheek.

But years, long years have bidden, now,
Youth's softest joys depart,
And manhood sits upon his brow,
And boldness in his heart.
I never knew a *sister's* love,
Ne'er drank her music tone;
Ne'er met her sunny love-lit eye,
That looked into mine own.

But I have thought, if earth could bear
A joy like that above,
'Twere found within a sister's arms,
A sister's deathless love.

Ah yes, I have a pleasant home,
Where joys are full and free;
Yet life hath not "been all a dream
Of bliss unbroke" to me!

No! I have laid the youthful heart's
First, fondest, sweetest bloom,
In anguish-faded loveliness,
On Sorrow's lonely tomb!
But few bright summers wove a wreath
Of joys, about my way,
Ere on the grave of mortal bliss,
The blighted blossoms lay!

I knew the shadow on my brow,
Would mar Affection's rest,
And calmly forced it from my cheek,
To "darken in my breast!"
Ah! then I thought my breaking heart
Would never smile again,
But Time breathed balm within my breast,
And soothed its maddening pain.

Though few the years I've numbered o'er,
Full many are the tears
That glow upon *that* quivering leaf
That shades departed years!
And few have gone since *that first* dream
Went out in deepest night;
The shade is past! and life ne'er seemed
So beautiful and bright.

The varying tint is on my cheek,
Where snows so cold have lain—
'Twere worse than madness to repine,
When "all the past is vain!"
Affection's soft and fragrant dew,
Is on my spirit shed,
And earth is twining garlands fair,
To hang above my head.

Yet still, sometimes, around my heart,
My chastened heart, there plays
A mournful gleam, reflected from
The light of other days!
But when I turn my weary eyes
To these "loved ones at home,"
My saddened heart is hushed and calm,
It cannot lonely roam.

My father kind, my mother true,
My brother—treasured *Three*—
So long as wisdom granteth these,
This heart is full and free!

The Gathered Bloom.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. T. C. H.

THE last sweet smile is beaming now,
The cold death-dew is on his brow !
Like buds that fade in vernal breath,
Lovely thy cherub sleeps in Death !
Bright-pinioned Angels whispering say—
“Young, sinless spirit, come away !”

Oh ! softly smooth his curling hair,
Upon his infant forehead fair ;
Bring the blossom-wreath that bound him,
Strew its stainless leaves around him :
Fold him in a last embrace,
Hide for aye his sunny face !

Hush ! breathe not a single sigh,
To dim his pathway to the sky ;
Let not fall a shining tear,
To star the wild-rose on his bier ;
Lay him gently down to rest,
In the green earth's peaceful breast !

That tiny heart shall wake no more,
Its low, wild warbles all are o'er!
His merry shout, like harp-cords riven,
Will float no more on wings of even!
His spirit, bright, so early flown,
Folds its glad wings around God's throne!

Mother! look up, behold him there—
The same bright lip and golden hair,
The fairy form and beaming eye,
How lovely in the far, blue sky!
Oh! peaceful is thy cherub's rest,
Nestling within a Saviour's breast!

Father! 'tis hard, in life's first bloom,
To lay our loved ones in the tomb;
But *thou* canst yield with trusting joy,
To Him who calls thy sinless boy,—
Nature may bid the tear-drops start,
But Faith will lift thy sinking heart.

Parents bereaved! life's little ray
Is fading, fading fast away!
A few more years and *he* shall come
To guide your ransomed spirits home;
Bear on! beyond the kindly tomb,
God will give back his *gathered bloom*!

Sarah Elizabeth.

I SAW a snowy blossom
Upon an emerald stem,
Nursing upon its bosom
A tiny dewy gem.
The twilight of the morning,
Shed freshness on its charms,
And loving zephyrs rocked it
Within their fragrant arms.

The early morn had fled,
And sunlight floated there,
And kissed away the jewel
Upon its forehead fair.
The song of Spring-time wooed it
To lift its spotless face,
And blossom-spirits lured it
From out its bursting case.

A silver wreath of fragrance
 Fringed each young leaflet white,
That lifted up its beauty
 To Summer's golden light.
The gentle breezes kissed it,
 And chanted melody,
Cradled on its dreaming heart—
 To youth and purity.

The death-dirge tone of stormings,
 Swept wailing o'er its head,
And waves of starless darkness,
 Rolled o'er its verdure-bed!
I sought the pearly blossom,
 Within its emerald fane,
Where wind-harps late had welcomed
 The storm-king's haughty train.

Beside its slender stamen
 Paled many a shattered bloom,
Unbending pride had laid them
 Within a floral tomb!
Unbroken, lo! *it* lingered,
 With light and shade o'ercast;
The lovely modest blossom
 Had *bent before the blast!*

A golden cord of sunlight
 Looped back the drapery
That fell in folds of sable,
 Round ether's azure sea.

A herd of tiny breezes
 Crept in its snowy breast,
 And folding up their winglets,
 Laid down to balmy rest.

The Angel of the Flowers
 Flew down and gathered up
 A ruby shell of waters,
 And filled its pearly cup.
 The grateful little Flora,
 Threw back its hood of gloom,
 And to the kindly angel
 Exhaled a soft perfume.

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Again I saw the blossom,
 And on its fairy face
 The hand of tinted Autumn
 Had left its finger-trace.
 Aroma filled its bosom,
 Its heart was wet with dew,
 But o'er its cheek pale Nature,
 A fading tissue threw.

The low, hushed breath of evening
 Came quivering around,
 And all its lovely petals
 Lay trembling on the ground!

I gathered up its leaflets
Of stainless purity,
And still the perished blossom
Lives on in Memory.

Thy life be like this flower,
Sweet bud of mortal bloom,
That when Time's pulseless heart
Shall wither in the tomb,
The gathered gems of Virtue,
From spotless Memory,
May weave a living circlet
Round Immortality.

Thy twilight shade is hasting
To childhood's brighter ray ;
Too soon Time's fluttering pinion
Shall fan Youth's dew away.
Full many a sweeping tempest
Shall shade thy summer hours,
For life's short way is bordered
With sunlight and with showers.

Sweet babe! shall shadows ever
Fall on that sunny face,
Shall that pure heart, for sorrow,
Be e'er a resting place?
Oh! shall the sullied signet
Of tears, be e'er impressed,
By Time's remorseless finger
Upon that peaceful breast?

Aye! life hath never launched
A heart on woless wave;
Hearts ne'er had been supernal
Without a *world* to brave.
Oh! may the kindly angel
That nursed the fragile flower,
With beams of sacred lustre,
Relume thy darkest hour.

And when Life's leaves shall wither
On Dissolution's breast,
May seraphs gently gather
Thy spirit to its rest,
Where sunlight ever lingers,
And shadows never come—
Where buds of Immortality
Ne'er bend before a storm!

“Escape for thy Life.”

WHEN the banquet of Pleasure is sparkling before thee,
And Joy's richest sunshine all golden gleams o'er thee,
And the voice of the syren with music is rife,
Yield not to the tempter—"Escape for thy life!"

When Pleasure's gay wreath
Seems all dripping with gladness,
Its dew-drops are dimpling
The fountain of sadness;

Though varied tints blend on each bright blossom fair,
Look down in its bosom—the serpent lurks there!

When Wisdom's soft whisper is wooing thee back,
From the brink of destruction to Truth's peaceful track,
And Deception's gay phantom is flitting around thee,
Fly! ere its cold fetters in darkness have bound thee!

When liquid gold flashes
In goblets of pleasure,
And earth proffers, smiling,
Her star-gleaming treasure,

And beckons thee onward—"Remember Lot's wife,"
And "Look not behind thee—escape for thy life!"

Seest thou, in the flush of the fragrant young morn,
Whilst scattered beams cluster on rose-tree and thorn,
White locks floating out on the whispering breeze,
That showers the dew-mist from shadowing trees?

Behold as he hastes

O'er the jewel-dropped plain,

And the portal rolls back

On the sorrowing train,

How the warm heart is throbbing in memory's strife,
As the warning comes thrilling, "Escape for thy life!"

And see, as he roams 'neath the woodland's cool awning,
How the storm-cloud is veiling the fair brow of morning;
Destruction broods over with terror-dipped minions,
And shakes the death-dew from its fluttering pinions!

'Tis the home of youth's bright years,

His loved ones are there,

And fancy wafts on

A deep wail of despair;

And Affection breathes out, as he wanders secure,

"How can I my people's destruction endure!"

Hark! hear ye the gush as it windeth along

O'er the track of the doomed, with its murmuring song?

'Tis the waves of Oblivion rolling their foam

O'er the ashes of grandeur—the wand'rer's loved home!

O'er the crumbles of beauty

Death-dirges are sweeping;

And hoarse winds wild revels

With sea-surfs are keeping;

And cold waves, loud mocking, unceasingly rave

O'er the phantoms of Pleasure that lured to the grave!

Whispering Spirits.

HOLY WORD.

DEATH lurks in every whispering breeze,
In every floweret's eye,
And bids us, with its warning voice,
"Prepare, the end is nigh."
"God is not mocked"—Time is, but soon
The ways ye oft have trod
Shall know you not forevermore—
"Prepare to meet thy God."

FIRST VOICE.

Oh madness! shall we purchase toys,
When Sin's dark debt must be
Cancelled in clouds of lurid flame,
Through all eternity!
Oh! shall we for the mercies of
One slender moment wait,
And on it hang the vast concerns
Of an *eternal* state!

ECHO.

Eternity ! eternity !

A sphere of heaving waves,
Whose booming billows ceaseless tossed,
No shore or haven laves !

Eternity ! eternity !

Nor height, nor depth can bound ;
Re-echoing through unbounded space,
Nor length, nor breadth is found !

CHRISTIAN.

To spirits tossed on burning waves,
Engulphed in dark despair,
How long must seem the night of years,
Since first they entered there !
But oh ! what tempest-streams of wo
Rush round them as they flee,
And muttering thunder's dismal blast
Peals out *eternity* !

O'er foaming waves of quenchless flame,
The groaning echoes bound,
Till rock-cased walls, by fury scathed,
Dash back the deep resound !
Then o'er the desert waste it looms,
Caught up in fiendish glee ;
On, on the mournful music rolls—
Lost one—eternity !

And as the heaving surges lash
Perdition's spectre-coast,
A whisper breaks in maddening strains,
O'er misery's shrieking host.
Down, down they rush, and round them wakes,
In darker depths below—
"In pain ye travelled all your days,
To reap eternal wo!"

MORTAL.

"Sister, the sea is very dark,
See how its billows roll;
Its hollow wails come faintly up,
And freeze my tortured soul!
And clouds, black clouds are frowning o'er
That Ocean of Despair;
All, all is dark, and chill, and drear,
No star is beaming there!

"Sister, oh sister! keep me back!
I cannot, *cannot* go,
Without one little gleam of Hope,
To light me safely through!
Sister, oh sister! keep me back!
And let me breathe one prayer,
For oh! the sea is very dark,
I cannot wander there!

“No star! it's very, very dark!”
Sighed faintly on the breath
That bore his shrinking spirit o'er
The turbid sea of death!
“It's very”—filled the last, last gale,
That launched his feeble barque
From Time's shore to Eternity—
“It's very, very dark!”

SILENT MONITOR.

We live, and live for what?
And what is mortal life?
A scene of hopes and joys and fears,
Of pain and grief and strife.
Time's keenest pangs may yield to art,
And even its deepest care,
But oh! in lost eternity,
There's no physician there!

To die! oh! awful, crushing thought,
Like fiery serpents' sting!
To struggle in the cold embrace
Of Terror's giant King!
But oh! to writhe and gasp in death,
To stifle in its sea,
Were little wo to vilest hearts,
But for eternity!

ECHO.

Eternity ! eternity !
From clime to clime it reels,
From stars to suns and chiming spheres,
Through endless space it peals.
Ages on countless ages roll,
As round its sphere we run,
Then leave us at their lengthened lapse,
But where we *first begun* !

Smile, aye Smile.

IN MEMORY OF FANNIE, MY LITTLE NIECE.

SMILE, aye smile o'er the sainted dead,
Dew not with grief her downy bed ;
Nay, softly drop no trembling tear,
For th' loved one lost forever here !
Seest thou yon warmly glowing star,
Soft trembling in its home afar ?
Thy loved one shineth far more bright,
Beyond its golden flood of light !

Yield calmly up thy heart's dear one,
Nay, stay her not, her work is done ;
Bright, waiting angels hover nigh,
To wing exulting through the sky.
A smile, a holy, quiet smile,
Sits dimpling on her lip the while,
It passes, and her spirit flies
Triumphant through the starry skies !

Chide not, with tears that ceaseless fall,
Thy great Redeemer's righteous call ;
She was a bud for earth too fair,
He took her to his own parterre.
Up through the violet sea of air,
A bud just bursting, sweet and rare,
Soft in their arms to endless rest,
Young seraphs bore her from thy breast.

Gently, oh ! gently bear they home,
This blossom crushed by vernal storm ;
Lightly they lay her spirit down
Upon our Father's starry Throne !
Soft the Elysian fields along,
Is borne the shining host's glad song ;
" Angelic spirit ever blest,
Rest in thy Father's bosom, rest."

To Annie.

ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET OF UNCHANGING FLOWERS.

Ah! yes, I'll ever prize thy gift,
Sweet friend of by-gone hours;
Love's smiles shall be their sunlight warmth,
And friendship's tears their showers.
I'll bathe them with the pearly drop
That wells from memory's fount,
Whene'er it doth past days recount,
They'll whisper—"Hope."

Thou saidst—"As years roll by they'll bloom
As beautiful as now,"
That—"Time's cold hand can ne'er despoil
Them of their pristine glow;"
"True emblem, Sarah, let them be,
Of thy unchanging love,
Though thou art called hence to rove
On life's deep sea."

Dear Annie, yes, while reason reigns
On her exalted throne,
And fancy wanders o'er the plains,
By friendship sown,
Thy "*parting gift*" I'll ne'er forget,
Nor ev'n the gentle sigh
That wafted back the sound—"good bye!"
When last we met.

And may I hope that friendship's chain
Will ne'er be rent by thee?
That thou wilt ever true remain
To dreams of love and me?
That like this gift thy heart will bloom
Perennial, bright and gay,
Till stilled thy throbbing pulse for aye,
Within the tomb?

The Shadow.

THE stars were all tracking the pavement of blue,
To light up the tapers of Night,
And I smiled as I gazed on the chalice of dew
That flashed in their glimmering light;
But soft came a tapping at Memory's pane,
A low muffled rapping, a dull heavy tapping,
Tapping again and again!

I drew down the drapery to shut out the shade,
And pressed down the bars of Disdain,
But Thought the heart's citadel darkly betrayed,
And a shadow crept into its fane!
And loud went the tapping and rapping again,
A low mournful rapping, a sad sullen tapping,
Mocking at Memory's pane!

The Shadow stole in with its noiseless tread,
And beckoned my spirit away,
But I threw on a mantle of lightness and fled
To the gay halls of wild revelry;
But loud and more loud went the tapping again,
A low muffled rapping, a dull heavy tapping,
Tapping at Memory's pane!

The Shadow stole in with its lowering brow,
And mocked at the smile on my own,
And I shrank from the brilliance of festivals now,
And stole from their dissonant tone;
For the Phantom kept tapping at Memory's pane,
A low mournful rapping, a sad solemn tapping,
Tapping again and again!

I threw back the lattice of mystical lore,
And pored o'er its mines of delight,
But the Shadow obtruded its shade evermore,
And shrouded my spirit in night;
With its dull icy tapping at Memory's pane,
Its low muffled rapping, its sad sullen tapping,
Rapping and tapping again!

I flew to the harp of Apollo and sang,
I sang, but the Shadow was there,
And wildly the waste with its sad wailings rang,
And I threw down the harp in despair!
And I cried to the Phantom at Memory's pane—
Oh! when shall I be from thy grim spectrum free?
Whispered it—"never again!"

I drew down the cowl of Seclusion and frowned
At the mimicking minions of yore,
But the Shadow grew darker and deepened around,
And curtained my soul evermore!
And I sighed to the rapper at Memory's pane—
Oh! when from my heart will thy shadow depart?
Whispered it—"Never again!"

Oh minion of wo! will thy shadowy shroud
Be lifted no more from my breast?
My lone, weary spirit thy sable wings cloud,
Know nevermore, nevermore rest?
And the dark Shadow whispered through Memory's pane,
With a low, mournful rapping, a sad, solemn tapping—
"Never, no never again!"

I lifted my brow in the mazy twilight,
And dreamed of the darkness of yore,
Of a tempest-tossed barque in a billowy night,
That sank 'neath the waves evermore!
And I cried to the Shadow on Memory's pane—
Shall the waves of that sea rest never, to me?
Whispered it—"Never again!"

I caught up the links of a fillet of gold,
Rolled back by the mad, foaming wave,
And hurled them all down in the wild waters cold,
That swept them again from the grave!
And the dark Shadow whispered through Memory's pane,
As I struggled in vain to entomb the crushed chain—
"Never, no never again!"

I know that the wings of my spirit will rise
From the surf of that sea nevermore—
That the darkly crushed links of the fillet that lies
On the sands of that echoing shore,
Will rattle forever at Memory's pane,
And the low mournful rapping, the sad sullen tapping,
Whisper me—"Never again!"

I know that the whisper will never depart,
The cloud from my sky never roll,
For the dread Shadow lies o'er my desolate heart,
And haunteth forever my soul;
And its wan, icy finger at Memory's pane,
Will hush its low rapping, its eternal tapping,
Never, no never again!

The Love of the Heart.

"If the love of the heart is blighted it buddeth not again; if that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learnt no more."—TUPPER.

To dream that the world
Would grow dreary and lone
Without the sweet music
Of *one* gentle tone—
That life were all sadness—
A tear and a sigh—
Without the soft love-light
Of *one* gentle eye;
To brave with that dear one,
Earth's mockings unmoved,
If this be *not loving*,
Thou hast not been loved.

To think of the past
As a roseate gleam
Thrown over the waves
Of a dimpling stream,
Now starry and bright,
Now faded and gone,
Anon faintly glowing
Like breaking of dawn.
To dream the free heart
In life had ne'er known
To thrill to the whispers
Of one music tone,
Or weep in despair,
Over faithlessness' blot—
If this be *forgetting*,
Thou hast been forgot.

The love of the heart!
Let it wither away,
Let it droop on the bosom
Of silent decay—
Let its delicate vine
From the oak be unwound,
By Falsehood's dark finger,
To trail o'er the ground,
To that it once clung,
From the shadowy plain,
Its tendrils can never
Be lifted again.

The love of the heart !

'Tis a fathomless sea ;
Wind-spirits may ruffle
Its surface in glee,
Uplifting its wavelets
And ranting at will,
While flows its deep bosom
All silent and still.
But let the storm-monarch
Its billows roll back,
And wind through the snow-surf
Its chariot track.

Let lurid wings wave
O'er its wild heaving crest,
Till stirred the low depths
Of its maddening breast—
The storm-god may wheel
In his thundering car,
And chain the wild winds
In his castle afar,
But the billows will break
On that sea's sounding shore
Long after the wind-spirit's
Wailing is o'er !

Yet cometh an hour
When Quiet will reign,
And Peace fold her wings
In its bosom again ;

And naught tell the eye
Of the lovely that died—
That sank *evermore*
'Neath the boisterous tide.

W R E S T L E R .

THE VOICE OF STILLNESS.

As I lay in slumber sleeping,
Whilst the brush of night was sweeping
Tears of dew
From the blue
Eye of love, high above,
A dream, with light and stealthy tread,
Crept around my slumber bed,
And wove a thread
Of vision round my tranced head,

And thought's wand touched my dormant brain,
And busy fancy lived again,
And fleet unfurled her noiseless wing,
And swept along the magic string
 That marked its flight,
 Through the night,
To a high and broad domain,
 Clad in light,
 Glistening bright,
Thought, as still, or Somnus' reign.

Lay my sense in toneless wonder,
Ere a swell, as rushing thunder,
 Smote my ear,
 And from far,
Rose, in dim and dusky herds,
Armies fleet of black-winged birds ;
 On they fluttered,
 Loud they muttered,
Till they fell, strange to tell,
 At my feet,
 Armies fleet !
Wondering, fain I would have grasped them,
But a breeze in mock'ry clasped them,
Bore them on its sturdy wing,
Like a lightsome, idle thing,
And I watched, with eager eye,
Upward marching through the sky,
 Gregarious herds
 Of black-winged birds,

Fluttering, fluttering,
Like a deep-toned echo muttering,
Now they quickly down descended.
In a mass of blackness blended,
And again at my feet,
Down they fell, armies fleet!
Durst I not to seek to clasp them,
Lest the jealous winds should grasp them,
Till a flutter, flutter, flutter,
And a mutter, mutter, mutter,
Smote upon my eager ear,
Persevere ! persevere !
Nimbly, then, I dropped again,
On the green and swelling plain ;
And I seized the sable treasure,
Gladdened beyond thought or measure,
But a blast came rushing on,
And my prize was gone, gone !
And I sighed,
But the cruel winds defied
All my aims,
And denied all my claims ;
But I held a glossy feather,
In my fingers clasped together ;
It I turned,
And I learned,
To accomplish a desire,
Persevere, and never tire ;
Though the winds of fortune rise,
And bear off a winged prize,

Fortune cannot always frown,
Perseverance wears the crown ;
To the swift nor palms belong,
Nor the battle to the strong ;
Perseverance wins the day,
Laggard will, away, away !

And a sigh
Rustled by,
Leaving in my ringing ear—
Persevere ! persevere !

Then I bounded, like a fawn,
O'er the lawn ;
And the jealous breeze was singing,
And the sable pinions winging ;
Now they rose higher, higher,
Now they came nigher, nigher,
Like a cloud
Rolling out its sable shroud,
Wrapping light
Up in night ;
Now the tired wind was hushing,
And the black-winged army rushing
Down, down to the ground.
Soon they fell,
Like a knell
From a bass-tongued iron bell !

Gladdened now beyond all measure,
Once again I grasped the treasure,

Perseverance won the day,
And I bore the prize away,
Ere the Dream, with sybil hand,
Soft unwound the fairy band
 From my head,
And I woke; but the clock
Told the hour of her power
 Now had fled;
But I heard the syren say,
As she softly tripped away—
“To accomplish a desire,
Persevere and never tire;
Droppings wear the rock away,
Perseverance wins the day;
Never faint, never fear,
Persevere! Persevere!”

Heart-Dreamings,

BESIDE THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON.

I WONDER if his spirit-eyes
Are bending from the azure skies,
 Upon me now ;
Methinks I see a holy light,
Breaking in shining wavelets, bright,
 Around his brow.

Do ransomed spirits ever come,
And watch with us, around the tomb
 Of dust, their own ?
Perhaps ev'n now his holy breath
Wavers around this vault of death—
 So hushed and lone!

Father! oh dost thou hover nigh,
And doth that loving, seraph eye,
 Look in mine own?
That azure eye, long shut in death,
Ere life had taught my infant breath
 A wailing tone!

I hear a soft breeze floating by,
Pensive and low as Autumn's sigh,
 Or ocean's moan;
And there's a stillness on the air,
That seems the heart-hush of despair—
 I am alone!

Alone! can solitude e'er bind
In loneliness, supernal mind?
 Comes not a tone
Upbreaking from the frailest flower,
Upborne along the dimmest hour?
 I'm never lone.

Yet I could weep, for there's no eye
To meet my own in sympathy;
 No breath of love
To soothe my weary thoughts to rest,
And woo back to this yearning breast,
 Its wandering dove.

Father! oh art thou hovering near,
And doth thy vigil spirit hear
 This heart's sad sigh?
Or dost thou look upon me now,
With smiling lip and beaming brow,
 From yonder sky?

And hast thou known the way of her
Who comes from far to linger here,
 Within this gloom?
Thou art at rest, while others weep,
And some could almost wish to sleep
 Within the tomb!

Spirit, safe sheltered from life's storm,
Who watchest o'er this fading form,
 When blossoms wave,
And moaning winds shall sweep along,
Teaching the soul their requiem song,
 Above *her* grave,

Who asks no "storied urn" to crest
The spot where sleeps this buried breast;
 From Heaven's plain,
May she but claim *the stranger's tear*,
To tell—"The heart that slumbers here
 Lived not in vain."

We are but Two.

WE are but two--in infant years
We shared each other's gladness;
Hand clasped in hand, each other's tears
Together wept in sadness.
Ah! well I mind me how the mist
Would fill thy little eye,
If my young heart with grief oppressed,
Should breathe a passing sigh.

And thy meek face, like a fair flower,
Would nestle on my breast,
So like, in its bright, soothing power,
A star in night's dark vest.
And like that orb, whose silver beams
Bid sombre shades depart,
So thy sweet lips, like sunshine gleams,
Would steal o'er my sad heart.

Ah! those were happy, happy days,
That glow through distant years;
Bright, lovely hours, whose golden rays
Wake Memory's fount of tears.

Softly they float, like evening light,
Up through the glimmering past;
Our starry infant days! too bright,
And lovely, far, to last!

They come to me, like distant song,
Or Autumn's pensive sigh;
Sweet scenes—loved ones—a blessed throng—
But ah! they're all gone by!
Gone by! all gone! the friends, the days,
The scenes where we have trod;
Some linger in our early ways,
And some have gone to God!

And here in this far-distant home,
We catch the spirit-strain
Of all the past, but ah! the tomb
But gives it back again!
Oh grave! here is thy victory—
And here, oh Death! thy sting:
This bears our dearest hopes away,
That shrouds them 'neath its wing!

Ah! many are the blooming joys,
That faded, years ago;
Time! Time! thy icy hand destroys
Earth's fairest hopes that dawn!
How like a wreath of starry gems,
Far, far in Memory's waste,
Smile up those years in trembling streams,
From out the shadowed past.

The once glad hearth of childhood's home—
The tiny babbling stream—
The heather we were wont to roam,
Flash back a lingering gleam.
The clustering vines, whose purple shades
Were once our summer-friend;
The deep old woods—the cool dark glades,
Like jewel-tints they blend.

And by this flood of circling light,
Thy tiny form I see,
Bowed in a calm and dewy night,
Beside our mother's knee.
And thy young voice floats gently by,
Upon the quiet air,
While smiling Angels hover nigh,
To catch thy infant prayer.

Ah! blessed, thrice, our earliest years,
Of innocence and love,
With friends who kissed away our tears,
And pointed us above.
Who taught us earth was but a scene,
Whose "fashions pass away;"
And bade us joys unsullied glean,
From realms of cloudless day.

And now that long, long years have fled,
Since first we roamed together,
With gladsome hearts and lightsome tread,
The green and flowery heather;

Far through the mazy vista dim,
We cast a thankful eye,
That we were taught to trust in Him
Who ruleth Earth and Sky.

For though the grave has shadowed o'er,
Dear ones who loved us then,
He will unfold Death's iron door,
And give them back again !
We are but two—till Time destroys,
We'll tread life's way together ;
I'll share thy cares, and thou my joys,
My own my only brother.

We are but two—then let us cling
Together as of yore,
Till seraph messengers shall wing
Our severed spirits o'er
Old Jordan's tide—yet *may it be*
The will of him who gave,
That our immortal spirits may
Together cross its wave.

And then in *life's eternal day*,
Where "saints immortal reign,"
Entwine forever and for aye,
To part no more again.
For if in Heaven one shade of care
Could enter that bright plain,
If I should rise, wert *thou* not there,
I ne'er should smile again !

Thou Comest no More.

I THINK of thee ever, but not as of yore,
Alas! *sweet* remembrance with me now is o'er ;
I think of thee sadly, with sighs and with tears,
As I mentally trace the dim vista of years,
And wait for thy low, welcome step as before ;
I list but in vain, for—thou comest no more !

'Tis a dream of the past when thy form doth arise,
In its proud, early beauty, before my dim eyes ;
And 'tis but a dream when thy soft voice I hear,
Distilling its sweetness upon my lone ear ;
Ah yes ! 'tis a *dream* that my vision floats o'er,
When I meet thee, lost one, for—thou comest no more !

'Tis a dream of the past—oh ! let it remain,
And speak to my heart of thy love once again ;
Let it seal up the fount of reality drear,
And bear back thy spirit to meet with me here ;
Let us wander 'mong haunts side by side, as of yore,
Once cheerful, now lone, since—thou comest no more !

No more! aye 'tis past! the sweet vision has fled!
 Low, low lies thy form with the slumbering dead!
 Still, on thy young bosom the withered wreath lies,
 And rayless the depths of those once beaming eyes!
 Cold, cold is the sod that now covers thee o'er,
 Despairing this heart since—thou comest no more!

"Passing Away."

WHEN the first bud of Spring bursts its emerald case,
 And smiles through its blushes on Nature's glad face,
 As round its soft petals the sylvan elfs play,
 Who thinks 'mid earth's brightness of "passing away?"

When the flood-light of Summer floats golden on high,
 And earth sports her mantle of richest rose-dye,
 Mid fragrance and verdure untouched by decay,
 Twere mock'ry to sing us of "passing away."

But when the sweet season of zephyrs and dyes,
Drops its crimson-fringed drapery o'er Nature's meek eyes,
And flowerets are bending in Autumn's pale ray,
Each whispering leaf sings us "We're passing away!"

We love the sweet Spring with its sunlight and showers,
And Summer's wild warblers and vine-trellised bowers;
But would ye the heart's richest gladness should linger,
Bid Nature's harp-strings answer Autumn's pale finger.

I've thought, when the leaflet of crimson and gold,
Its withering sadness in autumn winds, told,
That the theme of pale Nature's sad melody-lay,
On zephyr-wings wafted, was—"passing away."

And I think as I watch the wild wood-blossom, meek,
With the Autumn's hue painting its sweet waxen cheek,
That its soft murmur sings to each print of Decay—
"We are passing away—we are passing away!"

Go forth in the season when tinted leaves fade,
With the blooms that unfolded in midsummer's shade;
See the falling leaf gleaming in Autumn's sun-ray—
'Tis Mortality's symbol of "passing away."

Life hath but one lesson of import to learn.
Go read it imprinted on Autumn's pale urn;
For Spring-time and Summer, for gladness ne'er say,
While blooming in beauty, "We're passing away!"

The Bride.

SHE stood beside the altar
 With pallid cheek and brow,
And eye of humid lustre,
 That mocked the nuptial vow.
A form of stately bearing,
 Stood proudly by her side,
And placed the glittering emblem
 Upon his youthful bride.

Why turns she thus so coldly,
 From words that greet her ear—
Words that bespeak his fondness
 For one so fair and dear?
Why gleams her eye so wildly,
 Upon her guardian pale?
Alas! that cruel guardian
 Could tell a heartless tale!

And well might he shrink trembling
Before that flashing eye,
Whose piercing glance sent to his cheek
The guilty, crimson dye!
To soulless, cold ambition,
He sacrificed his truth,
And robbed her guileless bosom
Of all that gladdens youth!

Poor, lonely, helpless Orphan!
No friend, to save, is near!
To snatch thee from destruction,
Or heed thy falling tear!
But see—another enters
That gay and festive throng,
Who treads, with noble bearing,
The crowded aisle, along.

Over that glittering crowd
He casts his restless eye,
In quest of some loved object,
In years, long years gone by.
Alas! unhappy Rupert,
Naught now the chain can sever,
That binds the one thou seekest—
She's lost to thee forever!

The glow that lit his features,
When first he entered there,
Fled fleet as summer sunbeams—
Obscured by dark despair!

Oh ! deep the sighs of anguish,
That swell his heaving breast,
While on her drooping figure,
His burning glances rest !
“Just Heaven!”—he cries—“thy judgments
Are righteous though severe!—
Sustain me in this hour,
And stay the bitter tear!”

“Peace!” cried a gentle voice,
“Thy grief is naught to mine ;
No hope relieves *my* bosom,
But Eva still is thine.”
Quickly he turned to see
Who thus such words addressed ;
A muffled form stood near him,
With wildly quivering breast !

“Poor creature ! why this sorrow,
That doth thy cheeks o’erflow ?”
“One moment—there ! ’tis over—
Thou soon the tale shalt know !”
’Tis done—the vow is spoken—
She turns with haughty pride,
To meet the salutations
That greet so fair a bride.

But hark that shriek ! she totters—
He springs in wild alarm,
And eagerly his bosom
Receives her fainting form !

"Presumptuous youth, be gone!"

The bridegroom madly cried—

"Resign thy charge, nor *dare*,

Again to clasp *my* bride!"

"Not so! false man, not so!"—

A mournful voice replied—

"Thy boasts are vain, for Eva

Is not thy *lawful* bride!"

Like Heaven's thunderbolt, that voice

Fell on his startled ear,

And filled his guilty soul

With deep, tormenting fear.

"Look on me, cruel man,

Dost know this altered brow?

Methinks thy youthful passion,

Must wake thy memory now.

False, cruel, perjured one!

Go! save thy worthless life,

Nor dare to claim yon maiden—

Thou knowest *I* am thy wife!"

"With scorn I own the title,

And brave thy deadly hate,

To save yon hapless maiden

From misery's keenest state.

Long hast thou thought me slumbering

Beneath the boisterous wave,

Sent by thy blood-stained hand,

To meet a watery grave!"

"But Heaven prolonged my days,
 To thwart thee, in this hour—
 To rescue yon fair victim
 From thy demoniac power!"
 Quick, ere her accents died,
 He fled the portal door,
 And Juan F. De Bertrand
 Was never heard of more!

* * * * * *
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Again the lovely Eva,
 With Rupert by her side,
 Turned from the holy altar,
 A smiling, happy—bride!

Twilight Dreamings.

TO MARY.

EARTH, in its emerald mantle,
Lies slumbering profound,
And whispering winds are wafting
Its perfumed breath around,—
And softly bright, above it,
Smiles the clear, starry sky,
Watching its peaceful slumber,
With its blue watery eye.

The cool, round dew is sparkling
In young Night's silver ray,
But hence my heart is wandering,
To scenes far, far away!
Earth's wreath-crowned brow is flashing
In heaven's calm starlight,
But ah! dim visions hover
About my heart to-night!

I'm lingering in the sunlight
Of dear, departed years ;
I've hushed my heart's glad music,
'Mid Memory's gushing tears!
I've listed to the whispers
That steal upon my ear,
Till swift-winged Fancy bore thee,
Through creeping twilight, here.

I've looked into the depths, love,
Of thy dark soul-lit eye,
And felt thy warm breath trembling
Up to the starry sky ;
And heard thy young heart's music,
In rosy Love's sweet strain,
Float through the dewy twilight—
“ Ah we have met again ! ”

But ah ! too soon the vision,
In ether's blue has flown,
And rainbow tints have faded
From dreamland's starry throne,—
But soft-eyed Hope is soothing
My saddened bosom's fane,
And whispers to my spirit—
We yet may meet again.

H o p e .

HOPE ! sweetest messenger of Heaven,
To animate our drooping soul,
Blest boon to rebel nature given,
To soothe, sustain, and make us whole !

How dark would be the brightest sky,
That ever smiled o'er this low world ,
How pale the rose-bud's richest dye,
If Hope was from our bosoms hurled.

Without its warm, benignant beams,
To raise our dark despairing hearts,
How soon would Life's bright, purling streams
Congeal before Death's icy darts !

TO MARY.

ON RECEIVING A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

I'LL prize it for thy sake, Mary,
This "Friendship's Gift" of thine;
Each thought upon its pages traced,
Proclaims thy mind divine.
It needs not *words* to speak, Mary,
Affection's gentle swell;
If in a heart it trembleth warm,
The speaking *eyes* will tell.

And those dark orbs of thine, Mary,
Reveal each thought unspoken.
'That here thy gentle hand hath traced,
Upon this cherished "Token."
Though words be soft and low, Mary,
Give *me* the melting *eye*,
That sheds warm dew upon the heart,
And bids restriction fly.

Words oft are falsehood's guise, Mary,
To tempt the sanguine heart;
But thoughts that dwell in eyes, are of
The soul, a counterpart.
I ask not *words* to judge, Mary,
If e'er a heart be true;
For Heaven's noblest gifts are set
And sealed upon the *brow*.

They say we ne'er can tell, Mary,
By scanning o'er the face,
The value of the gem that doth
The bosom's casket grace.
External show, though fair, Mary,
Too oft the mind deceives;
Ofttimes the least intrinsic worth
Is hidden by fine leaves!

'Tis true the lip may breathe, Mary,
Words darkly false, though fair,
But if we scrutinize the *mien*,
Deceit is written there!
Though sophistry beguile, Mary,
Innumerable fond hearts,
Credulity will ere long sink
'Fore Disappointment's darts.

Words may be likened to, Mary,
A rose, sweet-blooming, rare,
It charms the eye, and yet we know
The *thorn* is lurking there!

'Tis pleasant to the sense, Mary,
Beneath sweet Summer's rays,
But ah! the tree in Autumn winds,
Its hideousness displays,

Even so's a treacherous heart, Mary,
When robed in Love's array;
As Time's progressive wheels revolve,
Its short-lived charms decay!
But thoughts that dwell in eyes, Mary,
Are like sweet violets;
Though "born to blush unseen," no heart,
Their modest worth forgets.

And looks are emblems of, Mary,
The lily, newly born;
Although it bows its spotless head,
It hides no piercing thorn.
It wears no gaudy tints, Mary,
To win the world's bold stare;
Ah no, it even shrinks beneath
The noontide's fitful glare.

I love the lily for, Mary,
Its spotless *purity*;
The rose that rears its glowing head,
Is lightly prized by me.
Dear as the *meek* and *pure*, Mary,
Is this true friendship's token,
Wherein are traced endearing thoughts,
Thy *lips* have never spoken.

And when from thee I go, Mary,
In distant lands to dwell,
Of *one* pure heart "refined from dross,"
This little gem will tell.
Where'er on earth I rove, Mary,
This talisman will be
The brightest link in friendship's chain,
That binds my heart to *thee*.

LINES TO A MINIATURE.

THE joyous sun of rosy youth
Is gleaming o'er thee,
Starring the flowery path of truth,
That glows before thee.
Hope, with her gay and glittering wings,
Thy heart is shading,
And purity's glad music, rings
Of bliss unfading.

Ah! little wist ye, smiling boy,
Of sadness veiling,
Now in the bud of opening joy,
Life's balm inhaling.
And when the years that steal apace,
Have changed this brow,
May not its impress on the *face*,
Thy *bosom* know!

When time incases this fair form,
In manly art,
May childhood's circlet shed its charm
Around thy heart.
Though bright thy future pathway seemeth,
In young life's ray,
Maturity with darkness teemeth!
A thorny way!

Ere yet few years shall tremble o'er
Thy peaceful head,
Thy heart may list afflictions, sore,
And sorrow's tread!
But rest, thou, ever in the power,
That Hope hath given;
That ills that crowd Life's narrow hour,
May end in Heaven.

A n d T h e n ?

SUGGESTED BY AN ARTICLE IN THE "DOLLAR NEWSPAPER PHILADELPHIA."

I WILL win!—cried the youth, and his brilliant eye gleamed,
As victory sparkled before him;
I will win!—and his bosom with bright fancies teemed,
As Fame's gilded plumage waved o'er him.

And then?—came a whisper, low thrilling along,
When thy name shall wake mountain and glen,
When Fame's golden trump swells its magical song,
To Earth's gayest laurels, *and then?*

And then—said the youth, with a bright, curling lip,
And a wreath of sunlight on his brow—
At the deep crystal fountain of Wealth I shall sip,
And bathe in its sparkling flow!

And then?—said the Pilgrim—and then cried the youth,
I will wed one as wise as Zobeide,
An Hourie for beauty, unrivaled in truth,
And Love, lavish nature's last meed.

And then?—spake the querist—and then—he replied—
I shall dwell amid sunlight and flowers;
Reposing in gladness, on Wealth's lulling tide,
'Mid Love's balmy, rosy-wreathed bowers.

And then?—aye, and then—he returned with a smile—
These dark curls shall silver with age;
And Honor's rich harp-cords shall sweetly beguile
The heart of the hero and sage.

And then?—came the whisper, low borne to his ear—
Ah! then—he exclaimed with a sigh—
When Time's darksome winter, Life's freshness shall sear,
Ah then—aye—ah then I shall die!

And then?—said the whisper—he started aghast,
And pale Thought looked down in his eye;
But the echo rolled on, though the Pilgrim had passed—
And then—and what then, *when you die?*

The Three Gifts.

THREE Fairies loved a blooming boy,
And warmly sought to bring
The richest gifts that heart can wear,
As Love's pure offering.
One wove a bud of radiant Hope,
Amid his golden hair,
Another laid Faith's glowing bloom,
Upon his bosom fair

"Behold"—cried she who lastly came—
"My offering shall be
A pale bud dipped in fragrant dew—
A white rose, *Charity*."
The bright-browed boy went smiling forth,
To tread Life's devious way,
As warmly pressing his pure brow,
These clustering blossoms lay.

Hope starred the deepest veil that wreathed,
His throbbing heart around ;
Faith's silver beams of circling light,
Glanced up when sorrow frowned.
But Charity's soft, soothing balm,
Perfumed Life's mazy hill ;
Though fetid breaths went flitting by,
Its odor lingered still.

Time fled by. The boy emerged
To manhood's glowing prime ;
The fairies' Gifts still wreathed his brow,
As in youth's sunny time.
As down a lane of humble life,
His footsteps kindly strayed,
Love lingered by a drooping form,
In sorrow's darkest shade.

Faith sickened o'er the soulless eye,
And doubtful form of grief,
The darkling mist enfolded Hope,
And paled its brightest leaf.
But Charity's soft, soothing balm,
Poured out its healing art,
And bathed, with its refreshing dew,
The mourner's fainting heart.

Then, through the mist a whisper came,
In song that lingered ever,
"Though Faith be faint, and trembling, Hope,
Yet 'Charity faileth, never.'"

The mourner left his dreary home,
And wandered bold and free,
Along the dancing stream of Time,
Made glad by Charity.

The gentle youth, with manly brow,
Walked calmly by his side,
And pointed with his radiant Gifts,
Across the flowing tide.
Yet to his ear a zephyr stole,
Of Falsehood's deepest dye;
Hope spurned at Earth, and planted firm,
Her standard in the sky.

And round its bright and golden stem,
Faith's tender arms entwined,
And upward climbed to peaceful realms,
A tranquil rest to find.
But, nestling at its lowly base,
Warm Charity essayed
To bring rich blessings from its height,
To scatter through the shade.

And o'er the heart, that mocked her there,
Because of rankling Pride,
She kindly spread a snowy veil,
Each crimson stain to hide,
And though the weight of sordid hands,
Pressed on her humble heart,
She meekly bore each wrathful smite,
And met the envenomed dart.

For "Charity suffereth long—
Is kind—e'er hopeth for the best—
Seeks not her own"—but pours her wealth
Into an aching breast.
But trembling on the verge of life,
The once fair boy now lay,
Bending beneath the weight of years,
That time had borne away.

The angel Death his spirit claimed—
Through rich redemption given—
By faith he climbed Hope's standard firm,
"And scaled the mount of Heaven."
Faith passed with him the golden gate,
Hope withered o'er his tomb,
But Charity lent his *memory*,
A long and rich perfume.

"And now abideth Faith and Hope,
And Charity—these Three;"
But the greatest of the Fairies' Gifts,
Was lasting Charity.

Heart-Drops.

Oh! tell me not of festal hall,
Nor banquet glittering bright;
Of Pleasure's gay and giddy throng,
And Fashion's scenes of light.
Oh! tell me not of revelry,
Where song and laughter flow,
Where hearts beat high with joyousness,
And Love's first blossoms blow.

I would not give one quiet hour,
Within the forest's shade,
For all the pomp of Wealth's vain show,
And fashion's gay parade.
I'd not forego a pensive stroll,
By yon pale moon's meek ray,
For all the glare of carnivals,
Beneath a monarch's sway.

One peaceful hour at evening's calm,
 'Neath twilight's furling veil,
Where rosy buds and pearly dew
 Are gemming hill and dale,
Is lovelier far than jewel-wreaths,
 Amid convivial light,
Where ruby lips and liquid eyes
 Are glowing warm and bright.

Aye, let me watch yon silver orb,
 That palely floats on high,
Along the broad, blue meteor-track
 That spans the azure sky ;
And catch the low Æolian tones,
 Of Nature's balmy sigh,
That trembles o'er the wavy heath,
 And shuts the floweret's eye.

There's gladness in each whispering breath
 Of Nature's gentle tone,
But songs that float through festal halls,
 Seem sighing—" *all alone !*"
Let other hearts delight to thread
 The merry, heartless throng,
And thrill with joyous eestacy,
 To light and gladsome song.

But give to *me*, the spangled Heavens—
 The green and flowery sod,
Where solitude blest converse holds,
 With Nature and its God !

To a Friend.

"Plain dealing is a jewel, but those that wear it are out of fashion."

"MORAL LACON."

I DO not love thee less, because
 Thou *thinkest not*, with me;
Opinion ne'er can drain the tide
 That floods my heart for thee,
 I do not love thee less, because
 They tell me thou hast erred;
 'Tis hard an image to efface,
 Once to this heart endeared.

Opinion, what? should "trifles light
 As air," break friendship dear?—
 Should little faults unlink Love's chain?—
Mortality will err!
 I love thee still, although the sun
 Of *unity* has set;
 Though discord thrills affection's strings,
 I love thee truly yet.

If ever from my youthful heart,
 A wish, from earth-taint free,
 Breathed up from its most sacred fane,
 It is for *thine* and *thee*.
 I love thee dearly yet, although
 Apart from thee I stand,
 Beneath the floating flag that bears,
 “*My own, my native land!*”

LINES.

SUGGESTED BY THE ENTREE OF A LITTLE ORPHAN-BAND, INTO THE HOUSE OF THE “FATHER
 OF THE FATHERLESS.”

THEY came, a little Sister-band.
 In innocence arrayed;
 No mother, fond, with gentle hand,
 Their tottering footsteps stayed.
 Around them smiled the young and gay,
 Upon whose joy-wreathed brow
 Was impressed friendship’s answering ray,
 And blooming Hope’s rich glow.

The radiant girl with beaming eye,
In smiles parental basked ;
Dropped she a tear, or breathed a sigh,
As on the friendless passed ?
The mother fond, with heart e'er true,
Joyed in her child's fair ray ;
Thought she no mother e'er would strew,
Sweet roses in *their* way ?

Thought she, that poor and helpless band
Once knew a mother's love—
A father's care—till Angels' hand
Soft beckoned them above ?
Cared she, that whilst *her* darling one
Was sheltered from life's storm,
O'er their defenceless head, that none
Stretched the protecting arm ?

'Twere vain to dream, one trembling tear
Flowed for their hapless lot ;
Ah no ! none felt the friendless dear,
They passed and were forget !
"If but in this world *they* have hope,"
Poor creatures all unblest !
For Earth's cold bosom yields no drop
To soothe a sorrowing breast !

Thou hast no friend, poor ones, thought I,
To smooth Life's chequered way ;
A voice replied—the spirits cry—
" *These* are more blest than *they*."

“God chasteneth whom he loveth well—
Who in His words abide;
All who would in His favor dwell,
Must stem affliction’s tide.”

“*They* have their ‘good things here below’
Earth is their Deity;
But *these* through sorrow’s flood may go,
To grasp Eternity!”
I looked again—that Sister-band
Sat *next* the earthly Throne
Of Him whose kind, protecting hand,
Ne’er leaves the helpless lone.

And then I heard—“The Car of Death
Low rumbleth to the Tomb;
Soon shall this evanescent breath
Be hushed amid its gloom.”
Methought I saw them one by one,
Yield to its cold embrace;
The Angel told his bidding done,
And kissed the calm, white face.

And then I sought to know if they
“Had only hope on earth,”
I heard a voice triumphant say—
“These were of holy birth!”
’Twas then I saw a vision land,
Where they had early flown;
I looked, and lo! the Orphan-band
Sat *next* a star-bright throne!

But wherefore shine they far more bright
 Than those who cluster near?
 The Word thus spake—" *Refining night*
In Earth, wins lustre here."
 "But if on earth ye only hope,"
 Poor mortals all unblest!
 For earth's cold bosom yields no drop
 To soothe a sorrowing breast!"

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Earth! 'tis a broken reed at best,
 But oftener, far, a dart;
 If on it thou dost lean for rest,
 'Twill pierce thee to the heart!

M E M O R Y .

I stood in the midst of a gay throng, in the city of C — forgetful of the past and thoughtless of the future. A deep, manly, but *stranger* voice murmured in my ear — “Lady, remember ‘Memory’” — and dreamily I “pondered it in my heart.”

I MET thee. 'Twas amidst the fair,
 The joyous and the free;
 All thought, in sorrow's lone parterre,
 Had sunk in Lethe's sea.
 But ah! thy lips bade gladness flee,
 Before the frosts of “Memory.”

Why askedst thou me to let Memory live,
 When naught but Oblivion can happiness give?
 Should we nourish a flame that would quickly consume,
 The tendrils of life in their earliest bloom?
 Should we brood o'er the scenes that are fraught but with care,
 And trouble the fountain of silent Despair?
 You know not the sadness that Memory brings;
 Oh! touch not its secret, its deep-hidden springs!

Breathe not again that mournful word,
Forgotten let it be,
For hearts, though seeming light, if stirred
By wakeful Memory,
Will sink in night—with not a ray
To light its gloom—though *seeming gay*.
Though eyes may beam, and lips my smile,
Think not the *heart* is *light* the while!

The Lily and the Rose.

IN a garden of beauty, a brilliant Rose grew,
Beside a fair Lily and Violet blue;
The Rose towered up in its glory and pride,
Whilst the Lily and Violet drooped by its side.

“Pale Lily, how sad is thy fate?”—cried the Queen—
“And thou, little Miss, ‘born to blush thus unseen;’
I bask in the sunshine of honor and praise,
While ye all unnoticed must number your days!

“Each day rosy lips my rich petals are pressing,
And soft, gentle hands my rare beauties caressing;
But alas! tintless Lily and Violet blue,
None smile admiration and love upon you!”

“Nay, not so, glowing Rose”—the sweet Lily replied—
“Though thy radiant *beauty* to us is denied,
There are *virtues* more lovely to us have been given—
Rare virtues that only claim kindred with Heaven.

“We seek not the praise of the world’s giddy train,
Nor in its great vortex unrivaled to reign;
Be ours the calm joy of a life all secluded,
Even though of all smiles but kind Heaven’s denuded.

“’Tis true thou art flattered and praised and ‘caressed,’
That thy ‘petals are daily by rosy lips pressed;’
But boast not, proud Rose, of thy glory and fame,
For *all* glowing beauties are courted the same.

“True beauty consists not in external show—
In the rich tints that now on thy bosom bright glow;
True beauty is deathless, but thine will soon fade,
Too soon will it sink to oblivion’s shade!

“There are charms far more lovely than thou canst e’er boast,
Sweet charms by all worthy ones courted the most;
They seek not the laudings of Earth’s giddy round,
But modestly shrink from its frivolous sound.

“ All beauty is fleeting but that of the *pure*,
Thy charms will soon fade, but ours will endure
’Till the withering blast of the winter’s cold breath,
Shall hurry us down to the valley of Death.

“ Unlike thee, we court not the world’s ardent gaze,
But in quiet, reposing, seek worthier praise ;
The *modest* and *meek* seek my sheltering care,
For with *purity* ever dwell virtues so rare.

“ We envy thee not, vaunting Rose, in thy pride,
While drooping unnoticed and low at thy side,
For though thou art blooming in radiance to-day,
To-morrow thy beauty may wither away !

“ And when for another thou’rt coldly neglected—
When for a more lovely thy charms are rejected,
Thou’lt learn then that Glory and Honor and Fame
Are naught but an empty and fast-fleeting name !”

The Rose smiled in scorn, as the Lily’s tones died,
And waved its gay head its meek friend to deride ;
But the tempest rode by, on its annual round,
And its leaflets, untimely, lay strewed o’er the ground !

“ Alas !”—said the Lily and Violet blue,
As night showered o’er them its diamond dew—
“ Alas ! for the charms that so fleetly decay,
When sunlight streams not o’er Life’s prosperous way !”

Come Back.

AFFECTION'S CALL TO A DEAR PASTOR, REV. LEO. ROSSER, AWAY IN THE "SUNNY SOUTH."

COME back! a heart is sighing
To nestle close to thine:
Fond eyes are faintly smiling,
Beneath thy cottage vine.
Come back! a cherub calls thee,
In song of infant joy;
His rosy mouth is lisping—
Come to thy baby-boy!

A wreath of soft pale moonbeams,
Studded with gems of light,
Binds up the jeweled tresses,
Round the young brow of Night.
With tiny feet slow tottering
Beneath thy bright home-bower,
And dimpled hands all trembling,
Like rose leaves in a shower.

He climbs the open lattice,
Where flower-breath flutters through,
And watches for *thy* form, with eyes
Like violets filled with dew.
Come back ! Not only loved ones,
That fill thy bosom's fane,
Would welcome with warm thrillings,
A dear one home again.

Full many a gush of gladness,
Which thy dear, gentle tone
Hath wakened into music,
Is hushed, since thou art gone !
Come back ! true hearts are calling,
In love's own melting tone ;
Hearts that would yield their throbbings
To shield and save thine own !

Yes ! hearts are not all selfish,
Beneath yon calm, blue sky ;
There are, that "for a good man
Would even dare to die."
Come back ! we miss thy smiling,
Where once thy footsteps trod,
We miss thy deep *heart-eloquence*
Within the house of God !

Another fills thy place, now,
And echoes back thy tone ;
We love *his* truthful breathings,
But *he* is not *our own*.

Come back ! there is no music
 Can make the heart rejoice,
 Like the deep, earnest blessing
 Of a dear Pastor's voice !

W h e n ?

ADDRESSED TO THE SAME, DURING A SUBSEQUENT TOUR.

W H E N wilt thou come? oh wanderer! *when!*
 Full many a Summer bloom
 Hath drooped and faded from its stem
 To Autumn's chilly tomb
 Since thou went forth! The winter's breath
 Hath shrieked in mockery by,
 And wrapped its snowy shroud around
 Poor Nature's closing eye;

And many a bitter blast hath swept
 Around thy cottage eaves,
Where wan and mournful Solitude
 In dimness sits and grieves!
Aye, Silence sobs in anguish there,
 In unmolested sway,
And weaves its dusky web about
 Thy home's deserted sway!

Oh wanderer! doth no yearning wish
 E'er struggle in thy soul,
To leave the stranger's heart afar,
 For Love's own peaceful goal?
Doth not a sigh, one trembling sigh,
 Swell in thy true heart's fane,
To fold thy weary wings to rest,
 Within thy home again?

Oh! when the ruddy Spring shall come,
 With roses bright and gay—
When leaves of green unfold again,
 Wilt *thou* be far away?
We know full many a sacrifice,
 Thy heart hath nobly made
For us—full many a fond desire,
 Upon its altar, laid.

We know that thou hast yearned to look
 Upon thy loved afar,
To fold within thy sheltering arms,
 Thy dear home's brightest star,—

To list the gushing melody
 Of Childhood's sinless art—
 To watch the lovely light that floats
 From Infancy's young heart.

All, all of this thou hast resigned
 Love's mission to fulfill ;
God shield thee, wanderer on thy way,
From all of earthly ill !

'Twas only yesterday we sat
 Beneath the sacred dome
 Reared by a sacrifice—the joys
 Of thy long-darkened home !

The thunder of a mighty Mind,
 In awful majesty,
 Evoked a memory of the Past,
 And whispered us of *thee*.
 Oh ! would that *thy* dear voice had been
 The *first* to echo there ;
That dome, methinks, should have received
Thy consecrating prayer !

Yet since "whatever is, is right,"
 How we rejoice that *he*—
The gifted—should have come from far,
 To do *this* work for *thee*.
 We fain would say *Come back !*—and yet
 We dare not breathe it *now* ;
 We know that thou art *given to God*,
 And to His will we bow.

But, wanderer, when thy toils shall end,
Nor all the past be vain,
Full many a waiting heart will joy
To meet thee here again.
Till then, whene'er thy thoughts begirt
The *past*, in fancy free,
Oh! breathe one kindly prayer for *her*
Who speaks from far to thee!

Song of Freedom.

SUNG AT THE 4TH JULY CELEBRATION, ALEXANDRIA, 1850.

HARK! a gladsome gush is stealing
Through the pulsing heart of Earth,
Nature's patriot lip is pealing
Choral hymns to Freedom's birth!

CHORUS.

Heirs of Freedom! hymn the story!
High as heaven the anthem raise;
Under God, the fount of glory,
Shout, thy dear Deliverer praise!

See the starry penon streaming,
Wide unfurled by Victory's hand,
Proudly out, in sunlight gleaming,
O'er our free and happy land !
Heirs of Freedom, &c.

Union's golden links are binding
Heart to heart, in Freedom's home ;
Fragrant wreaths of hopes are winding
Brightly round its stately dome !
Heirs of Freedom, &c.

Tinted wings of Peace are pressing
Faith and Love to Freedom's breast ;
Hail to Virtue's priceless blessing !
Hail to Valor's rich bequest !

CHORUS.

Heirs of Freedom ! hymn the story !
High as heaven the anthem raise ;
Under God, the fount of glory,
Shout, thy dear Deliverer praise !

By-Our Doors.

TO MARY A. D., OF HAMILTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

ANOTHER year is tottering
On Time's projecting verge ;
Soon shall the wintry night-winds chant
Its mournful funeral dirge !
And ah ! how many hopes 'twill bear
From weeping hearts away,
That bloomed, when first its eye looked through
The lattice of young day !

Sweet hopes that glowed within the light
That fringed its roseate dawn—
Heart-hopes that nestled warm and bright,
Now gone—forever gone !
The voiceless Night is all around,
And Earth's great heart is still,
And Memory from her thrall unbound,
Goes wandering wild, at will.

It rove in the *hours that were*,
O'er childhood's sunny plain,
Where sleep its early joys, so fair,
That ne'er shall wake again !
Dost thou not dream, my Mary dear,
O'er all the buried Past,
When Solitude her mantle drear,
O'er Nature's form hath cast ?

Night is the time for sweetest thought,
The soul more freely springs
Away to scenes with gladness fraught,
On Fancy's fairy wings.
When golden sunshine floods the sky,
The present holds the heart ;
But when Night's shadows dimly lie
O'er weary earth's hushed mart.

The Past's pale hand, from out the gloom,
Steals softly, to unroll
Time's printed page of blight and bloom,
Before the yearning soul.
The Past, with all its hopes and fears,
Comes crowding round me now ;
Its page is blotted o'er with tears,
Yet Hope sits on its brow.

Fair Fancy lingers 'mid its haunts,
And stems its azure wave,
Till stalks Reality and chants
A requiem o'er its grave !

Its grave!—fond memory silent creeps
To bathe it with her tears;
Lonely above its form it weeps—
The buried form of years.

High waves from Time's deep sea have swept
Between thy heart and mine,
And words of love have sweetly crept
From *other* hearts to thine.
But have they, Mary, quite effaced
The tracings of *my* hand?
Dost thou ne'er wander through the past,
With one in this far land?

I've strayed within a Northern clime,
And wandered far and wide,
Through light and shade been borne by time,
Upon its varied tide;
Yet still my heart falls fondly back,
And leans on days long o'er,
As warm as ere our little barque
Weighed anchor from the shore.

And now beside the child of years,
That Time hath coldly slain,
By Memory's helm, Affection steers
Back to that shore again.
The ways we trod, the scenes afar,
Where we were wont to stray,
Are blooming as of yore, but ah!
The loved ones—where are they!

Ah! some we prized in years gone by,
 Are living now with God;
 The furrowed cheek, the youthful eye,
 Lie low beneath the sod!
 Ah! those were lovely days, Mary,
 When we together roved
 With those in far eternity—
 The loving and the loved.

Bright years whose music-whispers flow
 Back to our hearts in vain;
 For ah! the dreams of "long ago,"
 We ne'er shall know again!
 Yet will we calm sad memory's sighs
 O'er leaves from Life's book riven,
 Since every rolling year that dies
 But wafts us nearer Heaven.

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The midnight tolls! The year is gone,
 Beneath Oblivion's tide,
 And Time hath brought a younger Son,
 To make the Earth his bride.
 Fair be the hours his hand shall fling
 Around thy way, Marie;
 And may his latest footstep bring
 Blessings for thine and thee!

The Loved Ones—Where are They?

I KNOW 'tis vain to wander back,
And linger o'er life's early track,
Amid its faded flowers;
But who, the spirit's wing, can stay,
Plumed for its flight far, far away
To childhood's holy hours?

I know 'tis vain, and yet I fly
Back to the peaceful days gone by,
Where we were wont to stray;
The ways we trod, the scenes afar,
Are blooming as of yore, but ah!
The loved ones—where are they!

The loved ones!—some are sleeping now,
With pulseless heart, and icy brow,
Low, low beneath the sod!
In life's dim evening some have gone,
And some in youth's fair, rosy dawn,
Went smiling back to God.

And *some!* ah! that we could efface
The lines of Time's dark finger-trace
Upon the page of years!
Pale leaves that tell a tale of woe,
Folded by Fate in "long ago,"
And sealed with Memory's tears!

The lip may learn to smile, when Death
Hath hushed for aye the loving breath
Of one in *truth* arrayed,
But there's a "grief that cannot feel,"
Which "leaves a wound that will not heal"—
The heart's young trust betrayed!

'Tis vain! all vain! whate'er they say
Of long years bearing all away
The Spirit's earliest care!
Till Life's pure star in Death hath set,
We may not, *cannot* quite forget
The blight in *hours that were!*

The hopes, the brilliant hopes of yore,
They come no more! they come no more!
Passed with the years away!
And phantoms float from "long ago,"
Through *hours that were*, and whisper low—
The loved ones—where are they!

Oh! Give Me Back my Heart Again.

Oh! give me back my heart again!
And let it wander free,
Wide o'er earth's fair and lovely plain,
Nor live alone for thee.
Why hast thou stolen from its rest,
The tiny, trembling dove,
And folded up within thy breast,
Its every thrill of Love?

Oh! give me back my heart again!
It is a fearful thing
To prison in our bosom's fane,
The spirit's quivering wing!
I never feared, a heart like mine,
Such thralldom could await,
Until—until—ah me! 'twas thine
The power to seal its fate!

Oh! give me back my heart again!
You do not know its pride;
'Twould wither in the wreathing chain,
Its fettered form to hide!

I could forgive for every sin,
Thou holder of my heart,
But that which binds me, the *within*
Perfection—what thou art!

The Wanderer.

YOUNG Love went forth one summer day,
With buoyant heart and bright array,
To twine a wreath of fragrant flowers,
Beneath young Life's unsullied bowers.

Pale Envy watched the lovely boy,
And maddened at his sinless joy,
So softly stealing to his side,
His sweet employ she durst deride.

But Love regardless gently smiled,
And lightly trilled his warbles wild,
Till Envy fled in mute despair,
And sent her sister Slander there!

Young Love looked up and smiled again,
Low warbling out his silver strain;
The dark twin-sister tarried long,
As if enchanted with his song;

With gentle lip and artless smile
Advancing near the boy the while,
Until alas! the fairest leaf
Of love, was soiled with pain and grief!

The bright-eyed boy looked down and pressed
The wreath more closely to his breast,
Soft hymning forth the soothing song,
That *loved ones dearer are, for wrong.*

Bold Slander baffled, turned to flee,
And met, approaching, Penury;
With wasted cheek and moaning wild,
He knelt beside the lovely child,

And whispered him of want and care,
If he should longer linger there,—
The fair boy looked on Penury,
And smoothed his brow, and laughed in glee,

Outspreading so his winsome wile,
That *Penury was forced to smile!*
Confessing in his secret heart,
To constant Love's bewitching art.

With milder brow he passed away,
And left young Love to chant the lay,
That *whilst the loved shall lift their eye*
With faith and truth, Love cannot fly.

Unkindness now came o'er the lea,
And scoffed at baffled Penury ;
With stately step and sullen lower,
He wended on to Love's bright bower.

The boy looked up but trembled now,
And lowly bent his fading brow ;
A ruthless hand the spoiler laid
Upon the wreath that Love had made ;

The blossoms withered in his breath,
And gave their fragrance unto Death ;
Love gathered up their all of worth,
And fled *a wanderer o'er the earth.*

To Mary.

A LINE for thy Album?—
A *wish* it shall be ;
The heart of the stranger
Unfoldeth to thee.

I know not nor ask if
Thine eyes be as bright
As the stars that are sparkling
In beauty to night ;

But may not a tear-drop
Of anguish be hid,
In years that await thee,
Beneath their pure lid !

I know not, I ask not,
If beauty be thine ;
The rose and the lily
May richly combine,

To render thee lovely
As yon starry gem
Bedecking the circlet
Of Night's diadem ;

But may, gentle Mary,
Thy *heart's lovely leaf*,
Through life be unsullied
By tracings of Grief!

And when its last petal
Shall wither and die,
May seraph-wings bear thee
Away to the sky !

Far, far Away.

FAR, far away where the sunlight is drifting
 Goldenly onward in glittering showers—
Where the young Spring's rosy fingers are lifting
 Up the sweet eye-lids of half-wake flowers—

Where the broad arms of old maples are flinging
 Shadows of purple across the green lea—
Where the recesses of woodland are ringing
 With the clear numbers of bird-melody—

Where the sweet jessamine tendrils are clinging
 Round the old eaves with their blossoms so gay—
Where the soft breath of the south breeze is singing,
 Nestles the home of my childhood away.

Far, far away where the eglantine creepeth
 Stealthily on in the track of young Spring—
Where the pale twilight in arms of Night weepeth
 Tear drops of dew on the zephyr's cool wing—

Where the first star of still evening is shining
Tremblingly down through the clustering leaves,
Struggling 'mid shadows, and silvery lining
Solitude's cell, as he sitteth and grieves—

Where the green moss-turf, bespotted with flowers,
Softens and smiles in the glimmering ray—
Hearts that once loved us, in long-buried hours,
Lie in last slumber, so far, far away!

Unfolding blossoms their fragrance are flinging,
From their pure chalices, brimming with dew;
Heather and woodland with melody ringing,
As Nature listeth 'neath curtains of blue;

Fairy-like fingers rose-jewels are wreathing
'Mid the rich tresses of mild-bosomed May,
Whiles her low musical whisper seems breathing
Of the sweet home of my childhood away!

Never again will this heart bloom as brightly,
Never again as in youth's sunny day!
Hope never flit through this bosom as lightly,
As in that vine-cottage, far, far away!

STANZA.

HE never said he loved me,
And yet I'm very sure
There's trouble in his manly heart,
That I alone can cure.
I saw a silken missive,
Not very long ago,
With something in its snowy folds,
That *almost* told me so.

I know not what I murmured,
He soon grew very sad ;
I'm sure I answered something, that
I wish I never had !
For now there's less of gladness
Within his gentle tone ;
Oh, that I could recall the past,
My heart is growing lone !

I'm very sure he loves me
As in the days of old;
Alas, he will not breathe it now,
Because he thinks me cold!
Oh! if I dared to tell him—

But no! I never can!
'They say a heart that's lightly won,
Is lightly prized by man!

I never *meant* to love him,
I've wearied every art,
And formed a thousand, thousand plans
To keep him from my heart;
But *now* if he should whisper,
As in the days of old,
I know I'm very, *very* sure
He would not think me *cold*!

The Lost Gem.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE REV J. N. DANFORTH OF ALEXANDRIA, AUTHOR OF
"A EULOGY ON PRESIDENT TAYLOR."

HIS home is in Heaven, his cares are all o'er,
His spirit hath gone to its rest;
That hushed heart shall wake to earth's anguish no more,
From the sleep of the grave's dreamless breast.
Oh! weep ye so softly around the loved grave,
Where the form of the hero is lying;
In life he was noble, and loving, and brave,
In death shall he live on undying.

He hath gone to soft rest, in yon bright world of glory,
Where "mountains of spices" and lakes of perfume,
With seraphs and cherubim wing the glad story—
"A spirit hath triumphed o'er death and the tomb!"
He sleeps—let him rest, for Jehovah hath spoken
His spirit away to the bosom of Love;
The sweet spell of life's golden dream he hath broken,
To lay its bright links on the altar above.

He hath gone to his rest—the cannon's loud rattle,
May ring its death-dirge o'er the crimson-dyed plain,
But calmly he sleepeth where never earth's battle,
Shall wreath his dear brow with life's glory again!
Toll! toll ye a knell; for the fallen 'tis meet,
That mantled in glory lies slumbering low—
Who lifted the wreath from the crown of Defeat,
And twined it in beauty round Victory's brow.

His home is in Heaven, the noble, the brave!
Round his head, angels vigils are keeping;
The heart of a Nation mourns over the grave,
Where the hero is peacefully sleeping!
Tread lightly, aye lightly, around his lone bier,
In the pomp of earth's marshalling train;
He hath breathed his last sigh, he hath wept his last tear,
No cares shall encloud him again.

Sleep on, noble Patriot, honored and dear,
Rest, rest on thy pillow of clay;
Thy virtues are writ in a nation's lone tear,
That Time's waves can ne'er wash away.
Farewell, then farewell!—we have laid thee to rest,
In the bright Summer's blossom-fringed grave—
When the blooms of Life's coronal fade in our breast,
May we meet thee o'er Jordan's dim wave.

The Bridal Wreath.

WEAR it lightly—its flowers are frail,
A breath can blight their bloom!—
Full many, as fair, lie crushed and pale,
Upon an early tomb!

Wear it lightly—each blossom fair,
That wreaths thy youthful brow,
Enfolds a world of joy or care,
To grace thy bridal vow.

Wear it lightly—each pearly leaf
Is made of earthly trust;
Oh! may no shadow of pale grief
Return them “unto dust.”

Wear it lightly—thy all of rest,
Is folded in its flowers;
Ah! never shall thy youthful breast,
Renew its joyous hours,

Of quiet hopes and peaceful dreams,
That blessed thee, single-hearted—
Ah! “fearful trust” of fitful gleams—
“Its childhood is departed!”

Oh! fadeless may the wreath entwine
Around thy lovely brow;
And bright as this full heart of mine
Would gild thy early vow.

True live the heart that wove the tie
That binds each spotless bloom!
And be, for every earthly sigh,
The Bridal Wreath—a tomb.

L i ; ; i r .

"Like blossomed trees o'erturned by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay."—YOUNG.

A SMILE is lingering on her lip,
How sweetly fair she lies,
With the deep-fringed and waxen lids
Veiling her soft dark eyes.
The pale wreath nestles on her breast,
Of pearly buds and flowers,
Clustered in snowy loveliness,
Like girlhood's golden hours.

Can this be Death—stern Death, that flings
So soft a halo-light
Around her fair and polished brow,
And marble cheek of white?
And will they lay our lily-bud—
Our early-blighted bloom,
Away from our lone, yearning hearts,
Low in the voiceless Tomb!

Ah! will the light and bounding step,
The music-tones of yore,
That echoed through these darkened halls,
Break on our ear, no more!
No more! no more!—how stilly sleeps
That early confined head!
And many a hope of joyous birth,
Lies with the youthful dead!

Fold the winding sheet around her,
Lay her down to rest
In the Summer's breast!
Bring the pearly wreath that bound her,
Strew its fading flowers—
Symbol of her hours—
Withering in beauty o'er her tomb,
Breaking up in soft perfume,
Above her icy cheek,
That lieth pale and meek,
Smiling, yet ever hid
Beneath the coffin-lid!

Idol of many hearts, farewell!
Thou hast full many a shrine
Within affection's faithful fane,
And none more warm than mine.
Not long I knew thee, ere stern Death
Our friendship came to sever,
But, gentle one, thy *memory*
Will blossom on forever.

Thou wast not one to be forgot—
That warm and artless heart
Were only known to weave a spell
That time nor death could part.
Ah! I remember well the eve,
The lovely eve in May,
When in thy white and dimpled hand,
An opening rosebud lay.

Methinks I see thy hazel eye,
And hear thy girlish tone,
As with a bright and loving smile,
You placed it in mine own.
I watched its snowy leaves grow dim,
And darken day by day,
Nor thought the one that gave, like it,
So soon would fade away!

Its lovely leaves and mossy stem,
Lie seared and scattered now—
Pale emblem of thy young hushed heart,
And dimly shrouded brow!
Farewell, *dear* one!—the grave may hide
Thy sleeping form awhile,
But not for aye—the music tone,
And softly beaming smile,

Shall break upon our hearts again,
Amid the starry throng
Where Angels teach thy spirit-lips
A sweeter, holier song—

Where opening buds are never crushed,
Where loved and lost ones dwell—
Where loving hearts are never hushed
Nor breathe the word *farewell*!

The Faded Flower.

“Still o’er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods, with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.”—BURNS.

I’VE treasured long, too long and well,
The memories of thy early spell,
Pale, blighted flower;
But ten and seven summers shed,
Their living glories round my head,
When o’er my shadeless brow you hung,
And ’mid my curls of auburn clung,
In girlhood’s hour.
Thy leaflets, then, so pure and fair,
Told not, as now, of grief and care,
Of change and death!

The breath of flowers was floating on,
Blending with eve's low whispered tone,
When loving hands, with youth's first vow,
Laid thee upon my blushing brow,

And in Love's breath,
Symboled a heart unsoiled with grief,
By thine own snowy, stainless leaf,
Unfolding white.

Ah! lovely memories thou dost bring,
And all too fondly yet, they cling,

Too warm and bright,
Around this shadowed heart of mine,
Blighted in youth, poor bud, like thine!
Where is the bright, the brilliant flow,
The soul's glad gush of "long ago?"
Where is the gentle hand's caress,
That bound thee, in thy loveliness,
Upon my brow?

And where the smile, the loving tone,
That blessed my heart in years ago?
Oh! must the hopes of girlhood lie
Buried for aye, with years gone by?
Up from the wreck, the tomb of yore,
Remembrance whispers—"Evermore!"
'Tis well—the Past is all a dream,
A varied wreath, a chequered gleam,
Unheeded now.

Forgotten? *can* the heart resign
At will, such golden dreams as mine?
Can all the past, the starry past,
Repose in Lethe's breast at last?

The heart must school itself in vain,
The buried past will live again,
And bind the soul's resisting power,
In *deathless thought*, till life's last hour.

Ah! now 'tis o'er;

Why have I treasured thee so long,
Poor withered flower?—they say 'tis wrong
To fondly fold in Memory's cell,
The shatters of that broken spell.
Away, away! nor mock me now,
With dreams of that remembered vow!
The heart is all too prone to teem
With memories of a faded dream,
Without a *talisman* to sweep
The surges of its broken deep;
Then go! and with thy parting breath,
May *thought* of thee, *die in thy death!*
Go! all thou tellest of are gone;
The clasping hand, the smile, the tone;
The joys to which my young heart clung,
And "Hope lies sick on the arm she hung"—
All, all with few dim years have flown,
To thrill my heart so early lone,
No more! *no more!*

Why Not?

WHY not?—the world is bright and fair,
And youth was never meant for care ;
The breath of Spring is on the lea,
And Earth is full of melody ;
The bright-winged birds have come again,
And mossy hill, and budding plain,
And shady grot, and cool recess,
Are vocal with heart-happiness ;
And rippling rill, and fountain free,
And liquid lake, and starry sea,
Are living with the spirit-part
Of beauty, that must thrill the heart.

Why not?—old Winter's icy breast,
In Spring's young arms hath sunk to rest ;
And bursting buds in beauty bloom,
And whisper love above his tomb ;
Green leaves unroll on every stem,
Disporting each a diadem,

To wreath the brow of graceful Spring,
And "fragrance in her footing fling;"
Joy warbles in each bloom and bough,
All things are gladsome,—why not thou?

Why not?—young Nature blooms for thee,
And brook, and bird, and bud, and bee,
Are humming in the balmy air,
Telling the heart of all things fair;
Away with dreams of change and grief!
Hope laughs on every infant leaf,
And softly stoops, at Love's behest,
To drop her anchor in thy breast.

Bare thy pale brow to Nature's kiss,
And woo her tones of hymning bliss;
What though a jewel from thy heart,
Lethiferous hand hath torn apart;
The soul is only truly worth,
That triumphs o'er the ills of earth;
Like a lone star in stormy night,
Fair Virtue beams more purely bright,
Struggling through the mephitic haze,
That shrouds Life's labyrinthine ways;
Then sweep the shadow from thy brow,
All earth is smiling, why not thou?

A Tribute.

THEY tell me she was young and fair,
A creature graced with virtues rare ;
The fairest things the soonest die,
For beauty's home is in the Sky,—
Then father, mourn not, that thy bloom
Thus early sleeps within the Tomb !

And she was gentle as the flowers
That gladden young life's budding bowers ;
Ah ! hearts that lose a joy like this,
May well be sad for blighted bliss,—
Yet, mother ! while fond *nature* weepeth,
Know thou, "She is not dead, but sleepeth."

Ah ! softly smooth her silken hair,
Upon her icy forehead fair ;
Sister ! yield up thy bosom's pride,
Death claims her for his spirit-bride !
Hush ! whisper not a word of woe,
Death brooks no rival here below.

Fond brother! press her lovely brow,
It is the last—yet meekly bow
To Him whose hand thy heart hath riven,
The gem was only *lent*, not *given*;
And though the casket moulders, now,
The jewel decks Redemption's brow!

We live to love—oh! what were Earth
Without this germ of heavenly birth!
What though the mildew of Decay,
Our idol ones may waste away,
Bereavement lifts Affection's eye,
And plants Hope's standard in the Sky.

“How Shall I Give Thee up.”

“How shall I give thee up”—He cried,
Who spake a World from naught—
Who formed old Ocean's rolling tide,
And light in Chaos wrought.
“Twere naught for me to form the Sun,
And call the stars to light;
Ten thousand thousand years are one,
And worlds on worlds a mite.

"I speak, and mountains flee away,
 I bid, and sea-waves part;
 I shroud the night and robe the day,
 And hush the troubled heart.
 I walk upon the raging tide,
 And still the thunder's roar;
 Nor worlds, nor suns, my wrath can bide,
 I am for evermore.

"For thee I formed Redemption's plan,
 And drained the bitter cup;
 Thy ransom paid, and now, oh man!
 How shall I give thee up!"
 It came on every whispering breath,
 In every silvery drop;
 Oh man! it echoed still in Death,
 " How shall I give thee up!"

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"Make room! make room! ye demons dark,
 I come!"—the spirit cried;
 "On waves of woe I'll launch my barque,
 From Mercy scorned to hide!"
 Yet still the silent whisper came—
 He fled lost words of Hope,
 And stifled in the billowy flame,
 " How shall I give thee up!"

The Heart's Reply.

"But can it be, kind lady, thine
The power to cancel buried years?
Or gaily tread the trailing vine,
Nor wet the 'faded flower' with tears?"—D. SCOTT.

AH no! not mine the power, my friend,
To "cancel buried years"—they blend
With present hours;
Thought's shadowy finger, wan and pale,
Oft points adown the dreamy vale
Of other days, that sighing lie
Beneath young life's o'erclouded sky;
And memory from her misty pane,
Reviews those hallowed scenes again—
The gems that gleamed in other years—
And "wets the faded flower with tears."

The early powers
That twine around a trusting heart,
Nor time, nor change can ever part;
On moaning wing they come from far,
Breaking upon the spirit's ear,
Waking the soul in whispers mute,
Like lingerings of a shattered lute.

Ah! if to finite minds were given
That power—the attribute of Heaven—
The “power to cancel buried years,”
And seal sad Memory’s urn of tears,
How few of hearts would wend away
Beyond the limits of to-day!

Who would relume
The shattered things of other hours,
The yearning soul’s long-blighted flowers!
The fond caress, the loving tone
That blessed the heart in years ago;
The loves, the hopes, the joys of yore,
That must be ours no more, no more!
Who would unshroud the heart’s first bloom
That early withered in the tomb;
Ah! who would bend in Memory’s tears,
Beside a *monument of years!*
And yet the *past* is but a dream,
No “trails of grief upon my brow;”
Crushed hopes throw back a fitful gleam,
That lingers all “unheeded now.”
A flush of early gladness wakes,
In many a heart-hushed hour,
And through the bosom’s dream-mist breaks,
Around the “faded flower;”—
We list a low and mournful wail,
We gaze upon a vision pale—
’Tis gone! but bares within our breast,
The deathless thought, in Heaven there’s rest—
Beyond the Tomb!

S y m p a t h y .

"I have no one to love me now."

WHY should we sigh, though gentle hands,
 Our brow no longer press?
 Though distant far in stranger lands,
 We miss the fond caress,
 The sunny smile, the whispered tone,
 That soothed our spirit's care,
 There are that bend at Memory's throne,
 And breathe for us a prayer.

Why should we sigh? there throbs no heart
 Unwept, unloved by all;
 Nature bequeaths to each a part
 In sweet affection's thrall.
 "Bear on, and leave the rest to God,"
 And smile at time and care;
 There are, where once our footsteps trod,
 Who live to love us there.

Lay of the Heart.

(REPLY TO A QUESTIONER.)

“WHY am I cold?”—Is there a star
That burns and glows in heaven afar?
Is there a stream, a bird, a flower,
A page full fraught with mind’s deep power?
While nature waves her verdant plume,
And Mind stars earth with light and bloom,
Within my heart there ne’er was room
For aught but Love.

“Did e’er I love?”—Did e’er I see
The blue waves tossing wild and free?
Did e’er I mark the azure skies
Bending to earth their seraph eyes?
Did flowers around my way e’er bloom,
And soft winds, freighted with perfume,
Leave their pure breath upon my cheek,
More eloquent than words *can* speak?
Then I have loved.

Aye, I have loved as wild, as deep,
As the waves that in the sea-bed sleep;
My heart is like the bounding fawn
That roams the heath at morning dawn—
Onward, for aye my gushing soul
O'erflows and yet is never full.
Such is the worship of my heart,
The soul's rich gush, the spirit's part,
The tiniest bud that gems the lea,
Enfolds a world of love for me,
The lightest bird of frailest wing,
Can wake my soul's most secret spring,
And every zephyr's cooling kiss,
Trills songs of deepest love and bliss!

I love the pure, the true, the free—
Talk not of other love to me;
Tell not of a heart that lays its worth
On the altar of passion that clings to earth,
That launches forth on the restless sea
Of human love and perfidy,
That gives to *one* its every thrill,
Trusting for bliss to human will!
Oh! tell me not of hearts that cling
Around a mortal, changeful thing;
That turn from all the fair of earth,
To give to *one* their treasured worth;
Who seeks a haven in mortal breast,
But finds unquiet and unrest.

Oh ! give to *me* the full, free soul,
The spirit's flow that spurns control !
That roams unfettered, lawn and lea,
That bounds in bliss o'er the dashing sea !
That bends beside the lowly cot,
And cheers with smiles the orphan's lot,
That dries the tear in sorrow's eye,
And hushes up the heart's worst sigh,
That flows alike to great and small,
For God hath made and loveth *all*.

Thoughts of Death.

THE rose hath faded from my cheek,
The lustre from mine eye,
My weary heart is pulsing weak,
Oh ! I am young to die !
Must I, with Autumn's tinted leaf,
So early "pass away ?"
Father, wilt thou a life so brief,
Shall fade with Nature's ray ?

I hear the Autumn's low, sweet breath
Singing amid the trees ;
I wonder if the angel Death,
Comes flitting on the breeze !

Go back, pale Death, a *father's* smile,
Is on my heart impressed ;
Go back, nor take me yet awhile,
From a fond father's breast !
Go back ! I hear my *mother's* tone,
Floating so soft and mild ;
Stay ! stay ! my mother would be lone
Without her loving child !

Go back ! go back ! a *brother's* kiss
Is lingering on my brow ;
Thou wilt not mar a brother's bliss—
Angel ! not now—not *now* !
Oh ! quivering Death, fold up thy wing
Behind the mist of years ;
Withhold, kind Death, withhold thy sting,
Spare yet affection's tears !

But, Angel, when the blessed tone,
Of earth's most treasured *three*,
Shall soothe no more my spirit lone,
I'll *gladly* go with thee !
I do not fear thee, whispering Death,
But earth is yet *so* bright,
I cannot wish thy blighting breath
To shroud it from my sight.

Oh no! I do not fear to die,
And yet, and yet I shrink,
As broad eternity seems nigh—
I falter on its brink.
Why doth my heart so fondly cling
To this bright world of bloom,
When thy pale finger, Death, can bring
Such bliss beyond the tomb?
Father, if I so soon must die,
Grant it Thy will to be,
Sleeping within Thy arms to lie,
And wake in Heaven with Thee.

A d o l p h u s .

I SEE thee, noble, dauntless, one,
Rush wildly o'er the plain,
Where, reeking, lie the mangled forms
Of the dying and the slain!
The lightning gleams of hope and fear,
Anon thy brow o'erspread,
While on to "victory or death,"
Thou trampest o'er the dead!

The dead! that strew the gory ground,
The hearts through valor crushed!
While o'er the field *thou* treadest now,
They on to battle rushed!
Like thine, their voices, too, were borne
Upon the battle's din—
Like thee, they braved destruction's shaft,
A laurel-wreath to win!

Peace to their ashes—lightly tread
Above their mortal frames;
Brave were their hearts, and glorious deed
Will crown their gallant names.
Cold lie they now, where Pity's tear
Is deemed a dastard blot—
Where Mercy's cries and dying groans
Are all in strife forgot!

While distant far loved ones await,
To twine affection's chain
Around the well-remembered forms
They ne'er shall clasp again!
Poor, stricken ones!—how cheerless, now,
Will be their once glad home,
Since quenched for aye the beaming eyes
That lighten up life's gloom!

And this is *war*—*victorious war*!
Where crowns of glory bloom!
Ambition's height—and only grasped
Above the yawning tomb!

Poor mortals! how ye madly rush
To win an *earthly* prize,
Yet careless of the fadeless one
Beyond the starry skies!

STANZAS.

OH! why should we ever be dreaming
Of hopes that have faded and gone,
When life with new blessings is teeming,
As bright as those withered at dawn?
Though blighted the rose we once cherished,
And scattered its leaves o'er the plain,
Yet why should we sigh for the perished,
When time may bring others again?

What though we be pierced by the brambles
That cluster on life's varied stem,
We find in the perfume that trembles
In the heart of each blossom, a balm.

Then away, ye cold visions of sorrow,
Nor lengthen your shadows before us,
We'll turn from thy darkness, and borrow
New light from the dawn that breaks o'er us!

For why should we always be sighing,
When time is so fleet on the wane,
If grief can't prevent it from flying,
Nor bring back past blessings again?
Ah then! let us smile in the morning
Of youth's glad and heart-gushing flow,
And veil in far Heaven's blue awning,
The shadows that shroud us below!

Ode to the Past.

Down to Oblivion's silent cell,
Another year
Of hope and fear,
On Time's revolving wheels has flown,—
Its broken cords o'er Nature thrown,
With low and melancholy moan,
Its requiem sadly swell.

How many hopes that joyful hailed
 Its new-born day,
 Have passed away
Upon its evanescent breath,
Down through the shadowy vale of Death?
Memory from her lone bower saith—
 Many bright hopes have paled!

How many eyes that sparkled gay—
 With love and joy—
 Without alloy—
Upon its bright and budding dawn,
Now at its close are dimmed and gone;
In silence lone they slumber on,
 Borne like the year away!

Back through the shadowy Past's dim maze,
 How oft will roam,
 In days to come,
Many lone hearts by Memory stirred,
That sigh alone, unwept, unheard,
While tracing scenes to mind endeared—
 Sweet scenes of by-gone days!

Oh! dry thou up each falling tear—
 Let not the past
 A shadow cast
Across thy brow, for joys departed,
Nor darkly o'er them brood lone-hearted,
For grief's full fount when wildly started,
 Outlives each fleeting year!

'Tis gone with all its smiles and tears!
 Passed like a ray
 Of light, away;
 Oh! may we learn from follies past,
 To shun the snares beneath us cast,
 That we may live and reign at last,
 Through *never-ending* years!

LINES.

FAREWELL, Lady, aye, forever,
 Chilling though the sound may be;
 Though stern Fate our forms must sever,
 Still, dear Mary, think of me.
 Think of me as one who sorrows
 O'er the wreck of hopes once bright;
 One whose heart no gladness borrows
 Even from Love's effulgent light!

Could it now the shackles sever,
 By *another* long entwined,
 Such pure words as thine, would ever
 Be within its fane enshrined.

But *that* image lingers round me,
All my dreams are still of her ;
Deathless love which early bound me,
Circles yet the changed though dear.

Though my heart would fain forget her,
Since I must her smile resign,
Youthful joys will Memory fetter,
Still doth fancy make her mine.
Oh! when lone from slumber breaking,
When the world is wrapped in sleep,
I, with soul to sorrow waking,
Watch the silent stars and weep,

For blooming hopes too early blighted,
For her the dear, the changed of heart,
Who mocks the early vow fond plighted,
And wills that we forever part.
Pity, then, the broken-hearted,
One who weeps and sighs alone,
O'er the thought of joys departed,
O'er the hopes forever flown.

Then farewell!—oh! lady, never
May thy heart my anguish feel ;
May no shade of sadness ever,
On *thy* brow its impress seal !
But when sundered, though forever,
Sometimes, Mary, think of me ;
And till Death life's links shall sever,
This crushed heart will pray for thee!

To Kate, of Williamston, N. C.

THOU'RT with me here to-night, Kate,
With thy sweet, loving smile;
Ah! often doth thy image dear,
The lonely hours beguile.

I'm ever thinking of thee,
And dreaming o'er the hours
When by thy side I lightly strayed
Beneath the wildwood bowers.

And soft thy low, sweet voice,
Will steal upon my ear,
Wooing my heart to by-gone days,
When thou wast lingering near.

That gentle voice is with me,
Here in this far-off home,
Low as the music of the woods
Where we were wont to roam.

The sweet spring-breath is whispering
Throughout that old domain,
And tiny buds are blowing bright,
Amid its shades again—

And thy dear voice is floating
Upon each balmy breeze,
As when *I* wandered with thee there
Beneath the singing trees.

That soft, sweet smile is vying
With spring-tide's fairest ray—
With melody the old woods ring,
But *I* am far away!

But let the wilds bloom brightly,
Where droop the lilies fair,
Thou'lt roam amid its purple shades,
Though I may not be there.

Yet ere the little churchyard—
Where we've together strayed,
And planted emblems of the dead—
Shall be anew arrayed,
Or ere the warblers tune afresh,
Their glad and gushing throats,
And wake the wild-wood's dreamy hush,
With their mellifluous notes,

Where hand in hand we've wandered,
Wide o'er that old domain—
To youthful scenes and early friends,
I will be back again!

Ode to the Wild-Wood.

I LOVE the wild-wood's quiet nooks,
Where purple shadows sleep.
Where perfume lades each whispering breeze,
And Spring's first blossoms peep ;

Where budding vines caressing twine
Around each monarch brave,
And bend their coral cups to kiss
The streamlet's leaping wave ;

Where summer birds 'neath sheltering leaves,
Pour forth their sweetest strains,
Where all, save laughing winds, is hushed,
And dreamy silence reigns.

I love the wild-wood's shadowy glades,
Its fragrant buds and flowers,
Where music wakes each listless leaf,
To charm the rosy hours.

If earth hath aught of happiness,
To soothe the troubled breast,
Sure, 'mid the wild-wood's peaceful shades
The weariest may find rest.

STANZA,

ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM A STRANGER.

DEAR lady, I can ne'er forget
The peaceful hour when first we met;
Thy gentle smile, thy placid brow,
Thine eye of love, are present now—
Mementoes of that lovely eve,
In these poor faded flowers live;
Thy gift they were, of thee they speak,
For thee they're prized in friendship meek.

Though robbed of all their pristine dyes,
They're not less lovely in my eyes,
Than when they were in beauty given,
Ere time had seared, or dark blight riven.
And though we ne'er again may meet,
I lay *my* offering at thy feet;
Of purest friendship it will tell—
Accept it, lady, fare thee well!

TO ELLEN.

I WOULD not thou shouldst calmly glide
A down time's changeful, changing tide,
Nor flowers and sunshine only glow
Around thy pathway here below.

I would not have thee ever bright,
Each day steals beauty from the night,
And eyes, like flowers, fresh sweetness wear,
From pearly drops that tremble there.

I would not that thy life should be
Like to a smooth and silvery sea;
A calm hath far more power to charm,
Preceded by a darkling storm.

But I a wish do bear thee now,
Dear girl, of youthful, sunny brow;
'Tis "*Know thyself*," oh maiden fair,
All joy and beauty centres *there*.

The Early Grave.

BEHOLD, beside yon early grave,
Where flowerets bloom and grasses wave,
A creature young and fair;
Her sable garb and drooping head,
While kneeling o'er that lowly bed,
Tell that a friend rests there!

To heaven she lifts her tearful eye,
And dwells upon the azure sky,
Beyond whose concave bright,
The soul of him she mourns below
Now dwells where living waters flow,
In calm and pure delight.

Oh! sad and lone that youthful heart,
Where Death has sent his icy dart,
And stilled its pulsings light;
No ray of joy her path illumines,
No more for her the lily blooms,
She lives in sorrow's night!

And well might she, the young and fair,
Mourn for the one that resteth there,
 Beneath the flowery sod;
Her plighted vow to him was given,
Ere death their blended hearts had riven,
 And called him back to God!

Not long she lingered lonely here,
Without a ray of hope to cheer
 Her pathway to the skies;
But, like a lily, drooped and died,
And calmly, sweetly by his side,
 She now serenely lies!

Faith, Hope, and Love.

'Twas on a bright, calm summer day,
A fairy barque sped fleet away
O'er life's tempestuous sea of care,
And neither Doubt nor Fear was there.

Serenely o'er the tide it flew,
While Love and Hope inspired the crew;
And Faith was there—a lovely guest,
True pilot to eternal rest!

Love at the helm securely smiled,
Amidst Time's billows rolling wild,
While Hope with gentle mien stood near,
Life's weary pilgrimage to cheer;

But mark, that dark portentous cloud,
That comes with mutterings wild and loud!
The three behold with anxious eye—
“Fear not,” says Faith, “no danger's nigh.”

On, on it comes, with threatenings deep,
While Love and Hope their vigils keep,
But Faith in an unguarded hour,
Was lost by its o'erwhelming power.

Love shuddered at the mighty loss,
For only Faith could guide across
The sea of Life, with sure success
Of earthly peace, and heavenly bliss.

“Be calm”—says Hope—“Faith may return;
While I am here why wilt thou mourn?”
But time swept on and still the crew
Had only Hope to guide them through.

Love at his post still trusting stood,
And sighed for Faith to calm the flood;
But Faith came not, and Hope retired,
And thus bereft Love soon expired!

Learn to be Silent.

"LEARN to be silent," much speaking is vain,
A light word may lose what thou ne'er canst regain;
Remorse creepeth in to an outspeaking breast,
"Learn to be silent" and conscience will rest.

"Learn to be silent" when folly goes round,
And giddy ones echo the heartless resound;
When others' "eye-motes" prompt the levity tone,
"Be silent" lest they see the "beam in thine own!"

"Learn to be silent" when angry words rise,
And Passion the whispers of Wisdom defies;
When wrathful reproaches rise higher and higher,
"Learn to be silent," and rage will expire.

When dark defamation from envious lips—
That often the life-dew of innocence sips,
From "vampire-like friends" goes whispering by,
"Learn to be silent," and *slander* will *die*.

To my Father.

DEAR father, how I love to gaze
Upon thy placid brow,
Sweet thoughts of early by-gone days,
Come o'er my spirit now.
Methinks I see the lovely tint
Of youth upon thy cheek,
Thy silvery tones with kindness blent,
Still youthful ardor speak.

Old Time hath o'er thee loving passed,
And left unbowed thy form;
Thy heart with noblest feelings blest,
Is yet unseared and warm.
Unbleached remain thy auburn locks,
Undimmed thy azure eye,
Thy smile serene, at passion mocks,
And speaks of joys on high!

May Time still gently pass thee o'er,
My father, kind and dear,
And when thy blessed voice no more
Falls on my lonely ear,
May God, too, call my spirit hence,
To the bright realms of love;
From things of earth, from time and sense,
To join thy soul above!

They Met.

THEY met—'twas by a rivulet
Whose waters murmuring low,
Fell sweetly on the pensive ear,
With calm and tranquil flow.
He gazed upon her beauteous face
With deep, yet strange delight,
As though a spirit from above,
Had burst upon his sight.

Her soft dark eyes drooped 'neath his gaze,
And brightly bloomed her cheek,
Inspiring deep impassioned thoughts,
He dared not then to speak.
Long, long he watched her graceful form,
And dwelt upon her charms;
And felt a rising sigh lest she
Should bless *another's* arms!

Again they met—'twas twilight hour,
And shadows o'er them fell,
While each was in deep silence bound,
As by some secret spell.

The whispering zephyrs round them played,
And waved her ringlets fair,
And flowers of brilliant beauty shed
Their sweetness on the air.

At length his deep-toned voice fell
Like music on her ear,
And wildly throbbed that gentle heart,
With love, and hope, and fear!
In trembling accents, soft and low,
He told his ardent love;
And vows so pure, recorded were,
By angel hands above.

Oh! happy were the tears she shed
Upon his manly breast,
And sweet the first long kiss of love,
That on her lip was pressed!
United were their youthful hearts,
Beyond earth's power to sever;
Emotion told the joyful tale,
That she was his *forever*!

Why is it that I'm Sad and Lone.

WHY is it that I'm sad and lone,
When friends are smiling near?
Why is it that *my* smile has flown,
And life is dark and drear?
The ones I loved in other hours,
Are lingering near me now,
Yet still the cloud of sorrow lowers
Around my lonely brow!

Why is it that the light of Hope
Is fading from my sight?
Why is it that I pine and droop
In sorrow's gloomy night?
The charms that soothed in other years,
Are blooming brightly yet;
Alas! they only mock the tears,
With which my cheek is wet!

All that *once* threw a halo bright
Around my joyous brow—
All that *once* cheered my youthful sight,
Are hovering round me now—

Then cease thy throbbings—hush thy sighs
 Poor heart—away with sorrow!
 Though veiled to day, youth's sunny skies,
 They may beam bright to-morrow!

CU HENRY.

I SEE thee as thou wert of yore,
 Though years have fled by
 Since last we met. We'll meet no more
 Beneath yon azure sky!
 'Tis done. Life's first sweet dream is o'er;
 Fate frowns upon our way,
 And mocking cries—"Ye'll meet no more
 Where *mortal* footsteps stray!"

Cold, cruel Fate!—we meekly bend
 Before thy arrows fleet;
 But when its earthly sway shall end,
 Oh! may we, Henry, meet,
 Where fairest flowers perennial bloom,
 And ransomed spirits dwell—
 Where the green turf hides no dismal tomb,
 And none e'er say—farewell!

Go, Forget Me.

Go, forget me!—let not sorrow
Round thee throw its galling chain;
Go, forget me, and to-morrow
Thou mayst calmly smile again.

Go, forget me!—Hope's before thee,
Shedding round a halo bright;
Woo it while it streameth o'er thee,
With its wealth of golden light.

Hence and leave me!—thou canst never
Win the heart thou fain wouldst wear!
Go! and all that binds thee, sever,
Ere it plunge thee in despair!

Go! and may sweet peace and gladness,
Ever in thy bosom dwell!
Haste! and leave me to my sadness—
Go, forget me!—fare thee well.

The Loved and Lost.

THE loved and lost!—how pure a spell
Doth linger in that lonely sound !
How many golden memories dwell,
Their dear, their treasured names around !
How oft we see the sunny smile
That circled round their radiant brow—
The gentle tone, the winsome wile,
Is gathering softly round me now.

The loved and lost!—the charms how sweet,
That o'er us thickly cluster bright,
When Memory fills her downy seat,
And sheds her wealth of rosy light.
How fleet we trace the flowery ways
Of childhood's bright and budding dawn ;
Or linger in the sunny days
Of youth's receding, brilliant morn.

The loved and lost!—the thoughts how dear,
That to them fondly upward soar,
Whose tones shall never on our ear,
In thrilling music linger more ;

Till Death's dark, frowning portals move,
And Jordan's rolling waves are crossed;
Then in the crystal courts above,
We may rejoin the loved and lost!

Thou art gone to the Grave.

(TRIBUTARY TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. MERRIKEN, OF ALEXANDRIA.)

THOU art gone to the Grave, and we deeply deplore thee,
Though we know thou art resting on yon blissful shore,
Where the palms of the ransomed triumphant wave o'er thee,
Where sorrow and pain shall assail thee no more.

Thou art gone to the Grave in thy noon-tide of glory,
Bright seraphs have borne thee triumphantly home;
The walls of fair Zion give back the glad story,
And echo—"Salvation to God and the Lamb!"

Thou art gone to the Grave!—in its silence reposing,
Earth's joys and earth's sorrows alike are forgot;
And while to thy vision new joys are disclosing,
Sad falleth the tear o'er thy last resting spot!

Thou art gone to the Grave!—in its bosom calm sleeping,
Sweet resteth thy cold form untossed by Life's wave ;
While the loving and loved o'er thy tomb are lone weeping,
Though they know thou hast triumphed o'er "Death and the
Grave."

Thou art gone to the Grave!—but we cannot forget thee ;
O'er thy lone, stilly home, falls the sorrowing tear ;
But since Heaven hath called, it were wrong to regret thee,
Thou loved one and lost, e'er to Memory dear.

Thou art gone to the Grave!—holy Angels are keeping,
With pinions of light, their watch o'er thy Tomb !
And when neath its shadows, like thee, we are sleeping,
If the lamp of His love be our light through its gloom,

In the regions of bliss, with the loved and departed,
Where the "Wise ever shine as the firmament bright,"
Where no joys shall e'er fade, and no tear drop be started,
We will triumph for aye in thy Star's fadeless light !

Wealth and Worth.

DEDICATED TO THE DONOR OF A WORK, ENTITLED "HOW TO LIVE."

GOLD will gild a worthless name,
Virtue win a deathless Fame—
Gold doth give us transient pleasure,
Virtue wins a fadeless treasure—
Gold begets us faithless friends,
Virtue, love that never ends—
Gold will buy Earth's loudest praise,
Virtue wins us "length of days"—
Gold may light our darkened way
With its brilliant, dazzling ray,
But its beams can ne'er compare
With the light of virtues, rare—
Wealth may vanish in a day,
Beauty's bloom will fade away,
Earthly joys may droop and die,
Darkness cloud Hope's tinted sky,
But the beauty of the SOUL
Naught can dim while ages roll !

STANZAS.

STRANGER with the eye of blue,
Flowing locks of auburn hue,
Stately form and Parian brow,
Oft I've asked me, who art thou?
Ah! methinks that azure eye,
Oft I've seen in time gone by!
Look I in its liquid deep,
Waking saddened Memory's sleep!

And that starry light, I ween,
Round *another* brow I've seen;
Hush my heart thy tremblings wild,
'Tis not *that* loved one that smiled!
Saw I thee, when twilight pale
Softly dropped her dewy veil
O'er that soul-felt counterpart,
That pure sunshine of the heart!

Like as sunbeams softly play
O'er old Ocean's snowy spray,
So the *light of other days*,
'Neath thy smile, o'er Memory plays!

Care I not for *what* thou art,
 Seek I not to *know thy heart*,
 But with that *remembered* brow,
 Tell me, tell me! *who* art thou?

Brother!

(TO ONE IN THE MEXICAN WAR.)

WHY comest thou not?—we have waited thee long,
 And watched for thee oft 'mid the homeward-bound throng;
 We list for thy footfall, with heart wildly beating,
 To be, aye, the *first* one to give thee glad greeting!

Brother! where art thou? why *dost* thou yet linger
 Around the red plain traced deep by Death's finger?
 The strife is long ended, the *victory won*!
 But far thou still roamest from Home's peaceful sun!

Why tarry *so long*? dearest brother away
 From the battle-ground dark, to thy home's cheerful ray;
 Dost mourn for a kindred that slumbereth nigh?
 Is *he*, the bereaved one! gone home to the sky?

Where so lately *she* fled, has *he* gone to that rest?—
Sweet Home! starry Spirit-world! land of the blest!—
Weep not for the *lost one*, the last pang is o'er,
That hushed heart shall throb with wild anguish no more!

Lay him down, gently down, in the cold, stranger earth,
There as calmly he'll rest, as in that of his birth;
The pale withered wreath on his quiet grave lay,
Then haste from the wilds of the Stranger, away!

We miss thee when morning's first rosy gleam steals
From the golden-fringed east, o'er the dew-dappled hills,
When bird-notes are ringing from wild vine and tree,
We love not their gladness, our hearts are with thee!

When the sunlight is fading far down in the west,
And the misty twilight summons nature to rest,
We watch, by the light of yon glimmering star,
To welcome thee back from thy journey afar!

That pale star's faint glimmer hath faded away,
Oft, oft, in the brilliance of day-speeding day—
Morn's beamings have melted in night-shadows drear,
Calling back yon sweet light—but thou art not here!

Sometimes I have thought—and it comes o'er me now,
That the cold stamp of Death is impressed on thy brow!
That the angels have borne thee away to the sky—
Away from earth's mists to the starlight on high!

Dear brother! this heart hath wept many a tear,
Since thy loving whispers have thrilled on our ear,
But ah! if that blue eye forever is sleeping,
My brother, this true heart hath never known weeping!

The Rose, Thorn, and Gem.

I PLUCKED a young rose from its emerald stem,
That bore in its bosom a ruby dew-gem;
Regardless of all but its rare loveliness,
Too fondly I clasped it, its petals to press.

Unthinking of ill in so *lovely* a thing,
A *hidden thorn* gave to my pressure its sting;
Ejecting it rudely it fell to the ground,
And its perfume waved up and floated around.

From my lip to the lawn, ere it trembled to rest,
My eye drank the tear in its beautiful breast;
And I sighed over beauty that darkly deceives,
And hides the cold thorn 'neath its delicate leaves!

In pity I stooped to upraise the forlorn,
And placed in my bosom the rosebud and thorn;
Its leaflets soon faded and fell from the stem,
And naught is now left but the thorn and the gem!

We said Farewell.

WE said farewell—I saw the tear
 Begem thy azure eye,
As lowly from thy gentle heart,
 Breathed up the sad “good-bye!”
Tears! what are they but mirrors true,
 Unframed by sullied art,
Hung round the chamber of the soul
 To shadow forth the heart?

We said farewell—perhaps we ne’er
 Shall meet on earth again,
For hearts are frailer than the flowers,
 And dearest hopes are vain!
Aye, fleeting as the cooling dew
 That stars the shades of even,
Faith, Hope, and Love as fleeting, too—
 “ There’s nothing true but heaven !”)

For what is Faith?—a fading vine,
 When trailing ’neath the sky;
Deception rears it for awhile,
 Then hurls it down to die!

And what are Hopes?—a jewel wreath
Encircling life's low lea;
And Fate oft culls the fairest gems
To hide in Sorrow's sea!

And Love? Ah, Love is but a veil
Wrapped round a sanguine heart;
We dream and smile, till Time's pale hand
Hath drawn its folds apart,
Then wake and weep above the joys
By falsehood darkly riven,
And learn from cold *reality*,
"There's nothing true but heaven!"

We said farewell—oh, wilt thou keep
My *memory* in thy breast?
And will that dear and gentle lip,
My own so fondly pressed,
Invoke the angels' shadowing wing
To guard this heart of mine?
That ne'er had sighed had it not clung
To one less pure than thine:
And when our hearts shall softly sleep,
Low in Oblivion's dell,
Far from earth's cares we'll hope to meet,
Nor ever say farewell.

On the Death of an Infant.

WE'VE laid thee down to sleep, darling,
Amid the summer flowers;
The glad young angels whisper us,
Thou art no longer ours.
We've pressed thy baby-brow, darling,
The last, last time on earth;
And hushed our weary hearts to rest,
Cherub of holier birth.

We'll pillow thy fair infant head
Upon our breast no more;
The creeping death-chill tells us now,
Our hearts' fond dream is o'er!
Thy life was like a golden ray
That trembles through the shade,
To quiver in the lily's breast—
Lovely, but soon to fade.

I did not think, when first I knelt
Beside thy cradle-bed,
And softly laid my trembling hand
Upon thy fair young head,

And called thee by *my name*, darling,
Gazing in thy blue eye,
That thou *so* soon wouldst float away,
A seraph, in the sky!

Thy pathway home was bright, darling,
With flowers and perfume;
The angels beckoned thee away,
Through paths of light and bloom.
'Tis meet that thou shouldst sleep, darling,
On summer's fragrant breast;
Thy life was stainless as the flowers,
The flowers should be thy rest.

Why did the angels call so soon
Our frail one to the sky?
Why would they that a bud so fair
So soon should fade and die?
We would not keep thee back, darling,
The flowers will give thee room,
And angels, too, will carry
Our little lost one home.

We would not call thee back, darling,
To bless our hearts of love;
We know that thou art peacefully
Cradled in bliss above.
Then sweetly sleep, our darling one,
Amid the summer flowers;
Rest in a Savior's arms till God
Shall give thee back to ours.

S T A N Z E S.

INSCRIBED TO "LELIA MORTIMER.

"The dreams fond youth in years agoⁿe had cherished,
The hopes that wove a rainbow tissue bright—
Are they all gone, forever gone and perished;
Even the last bud my silent tears had nourished?"—D. SCOTT.

I HEARD thy song and smiled, dearest,
As thy sweet, loving tone,
Trilling from out thy warm, young heart,
Crept down into mine own,
Weaving a chain of peaceful dreams,
Across affection's sea,
And thought went o'er the mystic wire,
To dwell in love with thee.

It is a blessed thing to know,
To *feel* we have a rest
With all the "beautiful and true,"
That crowd a guileless breast;

It is a joy to know, dearest,
Thou wilt remember me ;
I only ask to be enshrined
In worth and purity.

And thou wouldst weave a "rosy wreath,"
To "bind my tresses now,"
"Breathing a prayer " that darkling care
"May ne'er o'ershade my brow?"
Ah! I would prize the floral gift,
Twined by thy gentle art,
But if it may not yet be mine,
Oh, grant me but *thy heart!*

And would I not invoke for thee,
My sister kind and dear,
The brightest, best reality,
That e'er could blossom here?
I know thy heart hath darkly lain
In one long night of care,
With scarce a bloom amid the gloom,
For fading Hope to wear!

Young flowers are bending o'er *his* grave—
The noble, loving, dear;
And soft blue eyes, from yonder skies,
Are watching o'er thee here.
Ah! happier they who weep above
Death's damp and chilly rest,
Than those who mourn around the urn
In *Life's* enclouded breast!

There is a rock of deeper woe
 Than death, 'neath sorrow's even;
 And madness sings in mockery,
 "Where hearts are rent and riven!"

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Long years have brought thee soothing tones,
 And left the rose's hue
 Upon thy meek and smiling cheek,
 And mine is blooming too.
 Why should we not forget to weep?
 Or weeping smile again?
 For deepest woe that hearts can know,
 May leave no bosom stain.

And when thou bendest o'er his grave,
 Clad with the moss of years,
 And dews distilled, and flowerets filled
 With Memory's "silent tears"—
 Remember there is *one* true heart
 That warmly dreams of thee,
 And *other* eyes beneath the skies,
 Oft dimmed by *memory*.

A Simile.

THERE is a gem, a priceless gem,
More costly than the diadem
That decks a kingly brow;
Richer than Ocean's treasured store,
Or far Golconda's hoarded ore,
Or Afric's mineral glow.

There is a thread, a golden thread,
It twines around the flowery bed
Of loved ones, lost for aye!
It brightest beams when Virtues shine,
And clings alone at Faith's pure shrine,
To shed its changeless ray.

That gem so rich, so pure, so rare,
More brilliant than the diamond's glare,
Or pearls and rubies twined,
The high and low, alike may claim,
In cot or hall it beams the same,
It is a *spotless Mind*.

That thread, that tiny cord of gold,
Of changeless hue, of worth untold,
Defying Time's mildew;
Is rarely found in *fashion's* bowers,
'Mid reckless mirth and *painted flowers*—
It is *affection true*.

Without this gem of priceless worth,
Were one possessor of the earth,
And called the stars their dower,
They could not win the feeblest part
Within *my* humble, pitying heart,
With all their gilded power.

The fairest form, the loveliest face,
The brightest smiles of youth's sun-trace,
Upon a blooming cheek,
Are charmless all, without the gush
Of light that warms the heart's calm hush,
Which soul-lit eyes bespeak.

Let others laud a beaming eye,
And charms that only bloom to die,
Like earliest buds of spring;
I ne'er "assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach to sneer"—
Praise is a heartless thing!

Since fame, nor wealth, nor beauty's grace
Can e'er assert affection's place
Within my lowly heart,
And since my *warmest love* is thine,
It sure must be, true friend of mine,
I know thee—As Thou Art.

To My Brother.

ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTH-DAY.

DEAR brother, this thy natal day
Thou hailest with delight;
Sweet thoughts of future wealth and fame,
Float o'er thy vision bright;
Long hast thou yearned to quit thy home,
And win thyself a name;
Proudly to stand emblazoned forth,
By the loud trump of Fame.

Thou thinkest happiness to find,
Amidst the busy throng,
Who gaily down life's current sweep,
In folly's maze, along.
Then go, my brother, tread the path
Of virtue, honor, truth,
And should temptations lure to sin,
Recall the scenes of youth;

When at our gentle mother's knee,
We knelt in holy love,
And craved the help and care of Him,
Who reigns in realms above.
If then in childish innocence,
We prayed for heavenly aid,
To shun the various ills of life,
And snares by Satan laid,

Oh! how much more we *now* should strive
To walk in Wisdom's ways,
Since we are nearer to the Tomb,
Than in those blissful days.
Then let the scenes of early youth,
Ne'er from thy mind depart;
Still rest thy cares on Him who saith—
“ My son give me thy heart.”

He yet is willing to relieve,
And shield from Satan's power;
Oh! then to Him for refuge flee,
In dark temptation's hour.
Should wealth be freely round thee showered,
And laurels wreath thy brow;
Oh! may they not thy heart estrange
From those thou lovest now.

But should thy hopes and aims be lost,
And life be dark and drear,
Oh then, thy wandering steps retrace,
Thou'lt still be treasured here.

Then go, my brother—fare thee well!
Thrice happy be thy lot;
Till Death Life's silver cord divides,
Know, *thou art not forgot.*

The Orphan.

“The fashion of this world passeth away.”—1 Cor. vii. 31.

“WHERE is thy mother?”—once I asked
A little fair-haired child,
As o'er a new-made grave he strewed
Fresh-gathered flowerets wild.
A tiny tear stole down his cheek,
As tremblingly he said—
“Alas! I have no mother now,
My poor, dear mama's dead!”

“Where is thy father?”—then I asked—
He bowed his little head,
And pointing to a green-clad mound,
Sobbed—“Father, too, is dead!”

“Poor orphan boy! is there not one
To dry thy infant tear?
Hast thou no brother, sister, friend?
Are they, too, sleeping here?”

“I had a little sister, once,
But she is buried, too!
See where I planted on her grave
The little violets blue.”

“Where is thy home?”—he upward turned
His childish face so fair,
And pointing to the azure dome,
Said he—“My home is there!”

“Who taught thee thus, my angel boy?”
He lisped in accents low—

“I have a home beyond the sky,
My mama told me so.
And she is there, and papa, too,
And little s’ster, dear;
They all have gone to that sweet home,
And left me lonely here!”

“And wouldst thou like to go there, too,
My fair, and gentle boy?”

He clasped his tiny, dimpled hands,
And cried in childish joy—

“Ah yes! dear lady, I would like
To go to that good place,
Where I should see papa again,
And my sweet mama’s face!

And little baby sister, too,
My mama said I'd see ;
Oh ! none are left but strangers here,
To love and care for me !"
" Sweet babe !"—I cried—" thou teachest well,
By thy unsullied art,
That ' wheresoe'er the treasure is,
There, too, will be the heart.' "

The " fashion of this world may pass,"
And all its joys decay,
But there's a Hope immortal given,
That ne'er shall fade away.
And like this fair, and helpless child's,
Thus soon of all bereft,
There is within the saddest heart,
A ray of gladness left.

Though friends like shadows, fleet away,
And fortune's favors fly,
The gloom they leave but trims the lamp
That lights us to the sky.

Serenade.

WAKE, Lady, wake, and list to me,
While I my love unfold to thee;
The silver moon looks smiling down,
And sheds her mellow rays aroun',
And flowerets gemmed with pearly dew,
The glowing landscape wide bestrew—
Wake, Lady, wake!

Wake, Lady, wake, the soft winds sigh,
And twinkling stars begem the sky;
Sweet hour for words of love to tell,
And throw around a fairy spell,
Then, lovely Lady, list my lay,
While night winds blow, and softly say—
Wake, Lady, wake!

Sleep, Lady, sleep, my lay is o'er,
Thy slumbers I disturb no more;
While Angels station round thy bed,
And kindly guard thy gentle head,
Sweet Lady, list my parting lay;
While south winds sigh and softly say—
Sleep, Lady, sleep.

A Twilight Lay.

OH! what a lovely world is ours, despite of all they say
Of darkling care, and breaking hearts, of changes and decay!
Awake! awake, my silent harp! pour forth thy sweetest song,
While faintest gleams of rosy light streak the far west along;
While from his bed yon blushing orb peeps at departing day,
Ere yet he steals his glittering train from earth's green breast away;
Lo! how the monarch drops his head behind yon fleecy cloud,
That wraps him in its soft white folds, so like a silver shroud!
And see the arrowy, golden shafts that stream athwart the sky,
Tinging each little cloudlet fair that spreads its sails on high;
How beautiful the glowing track where meteors nightly tread,
When purple curtains fringed with gold, fall round the day-god's
bed.

I've watched the stars, the bright young stars, that all so gently
creep

Out, one by one, along the track where Day's king sank to sleep,
Until methought the little gems were but the foot-prints bright,
Of angel ones that kindly walk the broad blue belt of Night,
To guard this slumbering world of ours, from Heaven's starry crest,
And hang a thousand lamps in air to cheer its darkened breast,

But far, far o'er the leafy trees, see yonder city's site,
Round which the mist is fluttering down on the cool wings of
Night;

See how it curls in wreaths around that city's muffled din,
Where thousands hide beneath its veil full many a deed of sin!
But here, *here* on this rural spot beneath these trailing vines,
Away from its care-laden heart, with naught but fragrant winds,
To echo back the feeble strain, I strike my humble lay,
To sing to Nature's loveliness, by twilight's melting ray.
Oh! for a rare poetic gift, to touch this trembling string,
That through the heart of this cool shade might lasting echoes
ring!

Wide o'er this mount of vivid green and wreathing far away,
Where crested wavelets dimple in the twilight's fading ray;
See how they wanton on the breast of yonder molten tide,
Whose clear, cool waters eddy on along its mossy side;
And o'er the blue stream's laughing wave and stretching wide
away,

See how the fresh green hills spread out in daylight's lingering
ray;

Their misty brows, in dusky light uprearing smooth and high,
As if to claim communion with the over-arching sky.

Ah! never from my secret heart will fade this lovely hour,
Though ne'er again my eye may watch the dew-drop in a flower
That opes its tiny infant eye within this mountain shade,
Or linger o'er the dew-sprent wild of yonder tangled glade;
These dewy leaves and blushing flowers must all soon fade away,
And Autumn winds with mournful tread, amid their paleness stray;
Then Winter with his icy breath will shriek in mockery by,
And fold his snow-white sheet around poor Nature's closing eye;

But when the ruddy Spring shall come with roses red and gay,
And leaves of green unfold again, I may be far away;
But when within the sunny breast of my glad childhood's home,
Whene'er its sweet and lovely scenes with joyous heart I roam,
If in my soul *rare* beauties wake fond Memory's airy pinion,
'Twill whisper of a sunset scene within the "Old Dominion!"

*C*n a Bouquet of Flowers.

PRESENTED BY AN INFANTILE HAND.

BRIGHT flowers! the perfume of Aurora
Lingers on thy richly tinted leaflets,
And the liquid pearl drops, gently shaken
From off the tresses dark of peaceful Night,
Nestle, glowing in its prismatic splendor,
In the golden beams of ruddy Morning,
Amid thy clustering cups. The brilliant rays
Of Cynthia's successor, flash and sparkle
From out each pure, fresh drop from Heaven's crest,
As if to kiss them back to ether's blue.
No whisper steals up from thy dewy leaves,
To my lone heart, and yet thou *hast* a voice,

A still, a *silent* voice, that speaks to me
In song more pure, more sweet, than mortal tones ;
Thou breathest of Love and stainless Purity,
Eternal Truth and frail Mortality.
Love! *earthly* love?—nay, nay, too *true* thy voice,
To breathe of aught stained with the dust of Time.
Thou teachest Love for the omnific Power
Whose pencil decked each varied leaf that glows
Upon thy fragile stem. The spotless bloom
Of Purity, how lovely and how fair ;
Bright emblem of a true and holy heart—
Ah! well I love the snowy bud, that bears
No tint to typify life's soils. Give *me*
A fair, unsullied bloom, amid whose leaves
Lies folded up a fragrance like the breath
That floods the dewy vale, where angels stray,
To woo my silent heart to dreams of Heaven !
Truth circles every gem from Nature's crown,
Since God hath said "Spring-time shall never fail."
Each slender bud that bursts its emerald ease,
Expanding to the clear sunlight of heaven,
Bespeaks His truth, who wreaths young Nature's brow.

Sweet Flowers! more frail e'en than the infant hand
That culled ye 'mid the morning dew, thou art !
Fair, lovely boy! how like an angel bright—
If earthly, aught to Heaven, may be compared—
Thy cherub form among the blooming flowers,
Ere yet the tears from Night's deep eye had dried ;
Thy tiny, dimpled hand, soft gathering
The Symbols of thine own sweet innocence ;

The fresh, cool breath of morn slow stealing through
Thy sunny, waving curls, imprinting on
Thy smiling cheek its balmy kiss—but say,
Fair boy, did no dark thorn obstruct or mar
Thy flowery way? Ah me! that little hand
May not *always* cull thornless buds and flowers!
Thorns, bitter thorns, in Life's pathway, inclose
Each blossom in, and e'er the piercing points
Thou must obtain the bloom! But, gentle boy,
May He who watches o'er thy helplessness,
Be e'er thy shield through this world-wilderness,
When childhood's purity Time sweeps away!
And when the slender cords of frail Mortality,
Shall sunder rend, beneath the crush of Death,
May Immortality ope, to thy view,
The pearly gate, far up through ether's blue,
Where stainless, *thornless* flowers ne'er fade or die!

Flights of Fancy.

I MUSED—and young Fancy on pinions all bright,
Winged away from this earth to a land of delight;
Through the blue distant ether it waved its soft plume,
And floated on gales of ambrosial perfume,
To the goal of the Ransomed, where bright Angels stand,
To hail weary Pilgrims to that happy land.

'Twas a vision of beauty that raptured its sight,
As its pinions dipped in the eternal flood-light
Of glory that circled that radiant scene,
Where flowers bloom endless 'mid sunshine and sheen,
And the rich songs of seraphs unceasingly rise
In soft choral symphonies flooding the skies.

A halo of glory hung around the star-throne
Of God the Eternal—the Triune in One,
And Angel hands swept the mellifluous lyre,
Whose golden cords, tempered in celestial fire,
Broke up, in glad numbers the harmony-strain—
“Be glory for aye, to the Lamb that was slain?”

Each seraph that glowed in the sunlight of glory,
With quivering wings wafted on the glad story,
And pure Angels veiled their bright faces the while,
Bowed low at the Throne, 'neath the bliss of His smile,
And the host of Redeemed cast their crowns at His feet,
Shouting—"Blessing and honor and power are meet!"

The hills were all blooming, all cloudless the skies,
And fragrant each breeze that o'erswept Paradise,
And lingered in murmurs angelic and low,
'Mid the bright buds and blossoms that tremble and glow
On the green sunny banks of the soft silver stream,
Where the Tree of Life waves o'er the shadowless gleam.

At the portals of Heaven, swift Thought wandered back,
And lingered awhile o'er Life's wearisome track,
And saw, as it gazed on this Earth's darkened lea—
That seemed but a bubble on Time's heaving sea—
How pale were the beauties that clustered its breast,
When viewed from the verge of Eternity's Rest.

Young Fancy winged back from her far upward flight,
With a star-gem bedecking her forehead of light,
And I thought, as I gazed on her beautiful brow—
Like a pearl-blossom smiling in twilight's soft glow—
If Fancy can weave such a marvelous story,
Oh! what is the *Soul's full fruition in Glory!*

The Stranger's Whisper,

TO A BEREAVED HUSBAND.

WHY weepest thou, pale mourner,
Above the early dead?
Why falls the bitter emblem
Upon that lowly bed?
'Twas God who called her spirit
To join the heavenly choir—
In yon bright sphere celestial,
She tunes her golden lyre?

Hope on, nor sorrow darkly
O'er Heaven's stern decree;
Time, that restores Earth's blossoms,
May twine a wreath for thee.
Repress the sighs of anguish,
That swell thy lonely breast,
For one now safely numbered
Among the early blest.

Life's way is wide before thee,
Go trace its path alone;
Look wisely to the *future*,
Nor sigh o'er *blessings flown*.
Youth's sunny light gleams o'er thee,
Dispelling hovering gloom;
Go, in its dawn, and gather
The buds of *endless bloom*.

Though crushed Love's early blossoms,
By Death's relentless hand,
The buds of Faith will ever,
Its wintry breath withstand.
Then sorrow not, pale mourner,
But calmly stem Life's sea.
Till landed o'er its billows, where
Thy *loved one* waits for thee.

Lines.

SUGGESTED BY A MOONLIGHT SERENADE.

SAD Memory's minions were hovering round me,
Ere slumber's soft chain in its coils had bound me,
When on the sweet zephyr of Night, borne aloft,
Were the notes of the Minstrels, harmoniously soft.

Like the dew-drops that glow in the lily-bud's breast,
Or a bright orb that sparkles in night's sombre vest,
Was the radiance that circled around my lone heart,
Bidding Memory's hovering minions depart.

Like the sweetness that hangs o'er the blue moonlit sea,
Were the notes of wild music melodious and free,
And they stole o'er the senses with soothing delight,
Borne on the soft winds of the young "stilly night."

Dark visions of sadness—lone Memory's train—
Fled 'fore the night-minstrels' mellifluous strain;
Like the summer's warm breath o'er a violet bed,
On the heart's drooping tendrils its gladness was shed.

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Oh! thus thought I then, like the cares of this day,
When the cold night of Death bears our spirit away,
May we lose, in the Heavenly Minstrels' glad strain,
The visions that ever make MEMORY's train!

Address to the Sons of Temperance.

ON, ye heroes!—"heaven-born band,"
Noble sons of Freedom's land!
Proudly o'er a conquered World,
Be thy glorious flag unfurled!

May the sceptre of thy sway
Brightly glance in Victory's ray!
Cleave the Spoiler's thralldom chain,
By thy mighty power, in twain!

Deal destruction on the Foe,
Lay his vaunting army low!
May thy planted Standard wave
Proudly o'er the fallen Slave!

· On to Victory!—on to Fame!
GLORY's golden chaplet claim;
Garlands gemmed with fragrant dew,
Thy ennobling way bestrew!

Rend the sable veil of Care,
Woven by the Tempter's snare;
Light the Victims' darkened way—
Wile them from their haunts away.

May the thunder of thy voice
Echo to each heart "*Rejoice!*"
Beams triumphant o'er ye dance,
Noble "*Sons of Temperance!*"

A u u i r .

THOU'LT not forget me—that young heart
Is far too pure for me to doubt
Its perfect truth. I know that thou
Art true; for I have scanned each word
And look, and fathomed that young heart
Even to its lowest depths. No fount

Can be corrupt, from whence doth gush
So sweetly pure a stream of high
And holy thought, that like a rill
Of crystal water, gushing clear,
From a perennial source, flows on
In babbling transport, sparkling fair,
A bright translucent stream, whose spray
Like snow-wreaths, bathes each drooping bud
That stoops to kiss its surface.

Thou'lt not forget me—ah! I know
That gentle voice will whisper oft
My name, and that soft beaming eye
Perchance will swim in dewy light,
As o'er the sunny past, the chain
Of Memory, fond, is flung. Thou'lt roam
The halcyon scenes of yore, where we
Together oft have strayed, and *then*
Thou'lt think of her who ne'er again
May linger near thee! Ah! 'tis sad
To think we ne'er again on Earth
May meet; but oh! how sweet to hope
We'll one day meet 'mid fairer scenes,
Where Friendship's chain shall ne'er be riven!

I Love Thee Not.

I LOVE thee not, although thou art
As beautiful and bright
As yon sweet star that sparkles through
The sombre veil of night.
I met thee when thy soft dark eyes
Were languishing with care,
And *loved* thee when thy quiv'ring lips
Breathed out a whispered prayer—

That God would shield thy youthful head,
And guard thy lonely way
Through this dark wilderness of woe,
To Life's Eternal Day!
I sought to turn thy weary thoughts
To Hope's sunlight and joy,
Lest chilling frosts' untimely blight,
Should Heaven's fair work destroy.

I wooed thee when the light of Love
Was beaming on thy brow,
And wreathed in smiles thy lips as sweet
As those that light them now.

I won thee when none other came
 To cheer thy saddened heart,
 And dreamed I'd won a priceless gem,
 Whose worth would ne'er depart!

Vain hope!—a gayer rival came,
 And dimmed the ardent glow
 That lighted up my heart with joys
 It ne'er again can know!
 Since Truth hath fled thy once pure breast,
 Now stained by Treachery's blot—
 Although with radiant beauty blest,
 FALSE one—*I love thee not!*

The Wanderer's Sigh.

OH! take me to my childhood's home!
 I pine in sadness here;
 Again in gladness let me roam
 The scenes to Memory dear!
 In vain the flowerets here are bright,
 In vain fair Nature smiles;
 All brightness fades in sorrow's night,
 Amid its sweetest wiles!

Oh! take me to my childhood's home!

To friends and kindred dear;

My heart grows faint at days to come,

If lingering lonely here!

The brightest skies, the sweetest flowers,

The murmuring streamlet fair,

Have all here lost the soothing powers,

That lulled my spirit there!

* Oh! take me to my childhood's home!

I long to breathe the air

That floats around that sacred dome,

And hovers ever there.

On eagles' pinions let me fly,

And 'mid its sweetness roam!

And let me breathe my latest sigh

Within my childhood's home!

To a Violet.

RECEIVED FROM A DEAR FRIEND, D. ELLEN GOODMAN, OF SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

THOU comest from a loving one,
Azure Violet meek,
And with music sweet and low,
Seemest thou to speak,
Of a dear and gentle girl,
Far, far, away,
Bending o'er thee in the light
Of pale Autumn's ray ;

Watching thee with eyes of love,
In her Northern bower,
Smiling on thy dewy leaves,
Modest little flower.
Thou art welcome, tiny one,
To this home of mine,
From my full heart let me pour
Love's own wealth to thine.

Welcome as a golden gleam
Gushing from the skies,
With thy silken, azure leaves
Folded up in dyes.
Soft perfume hast breathed for *her*,
Lovely blossom, thou,
Lifting up thy infant head,
To her beaming brow.

With her dark eye bent to thine,
Looking in its blue,
Thou hast mirrored her love-smile
In thy bosom's dew.
And for me, my own, for me,
She hath nursed thy form,
Kindly shielding thy pale heart,
Through Autumn's chill and storm.

And though we have never met,
Save in *heart* and *thought*,
Comest thou to me, meek one,
With *affection* fraught.
I will treasure thee, fair flower,
Through Life's little day,
For the sake of a dear one
Far, far, away.

Affection's Tribute.

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED UNCLE, RALPH WHITTLESEY, WHO DIED THE 31ST JULY,
IN A STRANGER LAND.

He was weary, let him rest
In the green earth's peaceful breast;
Strew above him fading flowers,
Emblem of Life's transient hours;
All his earthly griefs are o'er,
Loved and loving weep no more.

He was weary for *her* sake,
Whose dear voice could ne'er more wake
Love's most light and gladsome thrill,
In that heart so cold and still,
Mouldering in a stranger land,
Shrouded by a stranger hand!

Angels carried her above,
From his home and heart of love,
And he sought in scenes afar,
To relume life's waning star;
Yet, ah! soon, that bosom breaking,
Slept the sleep that knows no waking!

Who can read the soul's wild sigh,
Trembling in a stranger eye?
Who can know the broken dart,
Rankling in a stranger heart?
Recked they not who smoothed *his* rest,
All the woes of that fond breast!

He was weary—shall we weep
O'er a broken heart's soft sleep?
Cease fond nature, hush thy sighs
Angels call him to the skies;
Hark! the choral anthems swell—
“All is well—all is well!”

A Call for Song.

WHY dont you sing? We've waited long,
To hear again thy poet-song;
The summer is the time, you know,
When wild bird-notes most sweetly flow;
Too long thy harp hath silent lain,
Sweet sister, tune its cords again,

Nor let thy lute neglected lie,
When sea and air and earth and sky
Are radiant with the spirit part
Of beauty that *must* thrill thy heart.
I wonder how you *can* control
The gushings of a poet-soul—
Fond rover of unresting wing—
• That only lives to love and sing—
That finds a beauty everywhere,
And tells the heart of all things fair!

It cannot be, from thy full soul
The spirit's melody hath stole
To swell in solitude unheard,
Like the sweet song of forest bird?
Come, dearest, earth is not so gay,
That it may lose a single ray;
Unlock the fountain of thy heart,
And let its prisoned streamlet start;
The world is bright and free and fair;
And youth was never meant for care;
Let not thy lute in silence lie,
For poet-hearts must sing or sigh!

Love Murd.

LOVE much the bright-hued flowers, fair child,
Although ere long they'll fade;
Love much the blooms and warblers wild,
The heart to love was made.
The lovely things that smile to-day,
May fade mid winter's gloom,
But others bright and fair as they,
Will spring above their tomb;
Think not of future chill and blast,
But love earth's beauties while they last.

Love much, fond mother, the sweet boy
That nestles on thy breast;
The angel Death may mar thy joy,
With his cold signet pressed
Upon that pure and sinless face,
But God to thee hath given
The gem—perchance *through it* thou'lt grace
The diadem of Heaven;
Love much—though he you love may die,
That love will link thee to the sky.

Love much, love much, oh maiden fair,
Though all things change and fade;
Life without Love were deeper care,
Even than Love betrayed.
Affection's spirit-vine may part,
And droop and fall away,
But there's a germ within the heart,
That ne'er can know decay.
Love much—the soul's immortal worth
Must test its infant wings on Earth!

L i n e s .

WRITTEN IN A STRANGER'S ALBUM.

IN days to come when these pure leaflets wear
Full many a kindly wish and whispered prayer,
Each richly laden page thou'lt softly turn,
And sigh, perchance, around fond Memory's urn.

Fair Friendship, here, shall drop a lovely gem,
Culled from her glittering, golden diadem,
And smiling Love will leave a blossom there,
So softly gathered from the heart's parterre;

Sweet Hope, with light and music-flutterings,
Will gather up her bright and sunny wings,
And on some silken leaf, with murmurs free,
Pour forth her glad and gushing song for thee ;
And Innocence with meek and modest eye,
Shall fling the fragrance of her balmy sigh,
Up-gushing from a heart of purity,
Into one little line—"Remember Me!"

I know not if thy heart be sad or light,
I know not if thine eye be dim or bright,
But when Remembrance wakes in coming hours,
And lingers, dreamy, o'er these pearls and flowers,
Turn, thou, to this *last leaf*, with silent art,
And read the tribute of a Stranger's heart.

If in thine eye, whene'er it bendeth here,
Should glisten Sorrow's sad and darkling tear—
If on thy brow a shade should dimly rest,
And weary thoughts becloud thy restless breast,
Know thou, could she whose earnest thoughts you trace,
The shadow from thy heart and brow efface,
So full and free her soul that naught of grief
Would ever bend with thee o'er this *last leaf*.

Yet would I trace a worthier line, Carrie,
The Stranger bears a holier wish for thee ;
'Tis not of Earth or earthly joys she'd sing,
That ne'er could wake her harp's most cherished string ;
But when Life's blossoms fade and droop and die,
May lovelier bloom for thee beyond the sky !

Yes, I will Sing.

YES, I will sing, and yet this heart
Is all too sad for song;
Moments there are when *mockery*
Peals from the laughing throng.
You do not know, you cannot tell
How lips may sing and smile,
How brightly bloom the youthful cheek,
Yet break the heart the while!

Yes, I will sing—yet chide me not
Because my song is low;
Memories there are about my heart,
That freeze its gladsome flow!
You cannot paint the glow of joy
Upon a breaking heart,
Nor calm its weary thoughts to rest,
With fond, endearing art!

Feelings there are that must defy
Affection's blessed tone;
The *lip* may answer to its love,
The heart be all alone!

Then let me sing—but do not chide
My low and pensive lay,
For tears have swept the joyous wreath
From this sad heart away!

Midnight Musings.

IN vain! in vain! what anguish in the feeling
That spreads around the bosom's silent fane!
To watch and hope, yet feel the whisper stealing
Down to the waiting heart—in vain! in vain!

Where shall we fly to still the soul's wild shiver,
When hoping spirits fold their lovely wings
Amid the ruins of heart-hopes, that quiver
When Disappointment's icy finger flings—

Its shading mantle o'er their living brightness?
Shrouding their beauty from the soul's young eye,
Chilling the dew that glowed in warmth and lightness,
On fairest buds that only bloomed to die!

Ah! let me gather from this bosom's keeping,
Anticipation's jewels clustered there,
And waken up the hopes so sweetly sleeping
Behind the drapery of a lurking care!

It is not much the world, with all its seeming,
Can give to soothe the weary, longing mind;
The hopes, the joys that freight its wildest dreaming,
Fade in their youth and leave a pang behind!

The ones we love and in our beings cherish,
Whose memory weaves a rainbow in our breast,
How soon, how very soon, grow cold or perish;
“And truest friends through error wound our rest!”

Dedicatory Hymn.

SUNG AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH, ALEXANDRIA,
VIRGINIA.

OH! God of glory, here we raise,
To Thee, a house of prayer and praise;
Within it, Lord, appear!
Bend from thine everlasting throne,
To consecrate it for thine own,
And seal thy Spirit here!

When from its altar shall arise
Joint supplications to the skies,
Unveil thy smiling face,
And sweetly, from thy radiant throne,
On waiting wings of love, send down
The riches of thy grace!

When here thine own anointed stand,
Strengthen their hearts with thy strong hand,
Thy greatness to proclaim;
Teach them to speak what thou shalt say,
Give thy great Truth controlling sway,
And magnify thy name !

Sovereign of Heaven's resplendent sphere,
Be thou our guard and glory here,
Until our longing eyes
Shall open, at Thy blest commands,
Within "a house not made with hands,"
Eternal in the skies !

D O Y O U R E M E M B E R ?

Do you remember the cottage, dear Kate,
That stood on the emerald lawn,
Where we sported away young life's sunny day,
In the brilliance of hours ago ?
The sweet little cottage still smiles o'er the lea,
All its beauties are blossoming fair—
The vine-trellised bowers that sheltered youth's hours,
But none who once loved us are there !

Do you Remember the wildwood, dear Kate,
The wildwood where sweet waters play?
We smiled with delight on its beauties so bright,
In the years that have "passed away."
The waters sweep on in its purpling shade,
As sweet as in days "long ago,"
But ah! nevermore, with the lightness of yore,
Shall we list to their murmuring flow!

Do you Remember the churchyard, dear Kate,
Where blossomed the box-vine and rose,
Where we trembled in fear round the sable-veiled bier,
And wept o'er Death's silent repose?
The roses bloom on in that stilly abode,
Where Memory her vigils is keeping;
But no more may we stand on that far-away land,
Where some who once loved us are sleeping!

Do you remember the bright hopes, dear Kate,
That gilded our girlhood's sweet dreams,
When low whispered vows left the flush on our brows,
And folded our hearts in their gleams?
Ah! shall we e'er cherish such visions again,
As glowed in life's earlier ray,
Or smile with delight on new beauties as bright,
As those that have faded away!

T I U R S .

(INSCRIBED TO MY MOTHER.)

HAD we but met *once* more, sister,
Oh! had I been but by,
To kneel beside thy lovely form,
To see thee fade and die—
Oh! could I but have heard *once* more,
That voice so soft and dear,
The lonely grave were far less lone,
The dreary world less drear!

Oh! had we met *once* more, sister,
Before the angel Death
Came softly from yon starry world,
And kissed away thy breath;
It were deep bliss to treasure up
Thy last sweet smile of love,
And feel the same unshadowed light
Was beaming from above.

The same unshadowed light—it beams
Down from thy far bright home,
It breaks upon my weary heart,
And gilds thy early tomb,

Thy early tomb! where gentle flowers—
Love's last pure offering—
When summer sunshine comes again,
In soft perfume shall spring.

Ah yes, the flowers you so well loved,
Ere long will dewy wave,
And waft their incense offering
Around thy slender grave!
The grave! the grave! soft be thy rest
Within its dusky fane;
Sweet be that wasted form's repose,
Whose memory wears no stain!

Thy life was like a peaceful dove's,
None knew thee but to prize,
And faded out thy heart's young bloom,
As the sweet floweret dies.
Could we but meet *once* more, sister,
Thy white, thin cheek would wear
A deeper, purer print of faith,
Than ever lingered there.

Thy chair stands vacant round the hearth,
And many an eye is dim,
As on the twilight's deepening wing,
Swells up the evening hymn.
Thou blessed one! why do we weep
O'er Memory's living train;
Thank God! thy angel whisper says—
“*Bear on, we'll meet again!*”

On an Anonymous Letter.

FROM WASHINGTON. D. C.

PALE messenger from stranger hands!
Thou bearest in thy glossy folds,
A *mystery* so deeply strange,
I scarce can welcome thee! And yet
There is a *sadness* in thy silent voice,
That waketh in my trembling soul,
A kindly *sympathy*, and sendeth back
A gush of feeling to my heart,
That floodeth mem'ry with its deep.
Thou tellest *me* of broken hopes
And faded joys, that ne'er again
May bloom on Love's Death-blighted stem!
An answering echo in the heart
Thou speakest to, with thy strange breath,
Floats on to *him* who fettereth
My ever wakeful sense, through thee.
I cannot, would not turn away
From thy still voice, thou pale unknown,
But trace upon thy silken leaf,
One little line—go bear to him
Thy burden—*It is given.*

"She is not Dead, but Sleepeth."

SHE is gone from the bosom where oft she hath nestled,
 To Love's soothing whispers on time's heaving wave;
 No storms, with which oft her young spirit hath wrestled,
 Can wake o'er her now in the hush of the grave.
 Then weep not for her, though no more the low thrillings
 Of once music-breathings shall gladden thine ear;
 The bud early blighted by Death's dark distillings,
 Still bloometh o'er Jordan more sweetly than here.

She is gone from the brightness of infancy's smiling,
 That shed round her pathway a halo of light,
 To the damp, vaulted tomb, where no star is beguiling
 The shadows that spread o'er its lone rayless night!
 Yet weep not for her—in its darkness reposing,
 Calm resteth that hushed heart, from care-peltings free,
 While to her bright spirit rich joys are disclosing,
 Above the blue concave that bendeth o'er thee.

She is gone from the home-hearth, where oft her soft footfall,
 Resounded in gladness, like whispers of eve,
 Where the mildew that gathers 'neath Death's gloomy pall,
 Hangs damply around in the dusk of the grave!

Yet weep not for her—though her form lies enshrouded,
Her ransomed young spirit roams gladsome on high ;
Wide o'er the broad plains, ever bright and unclouded,
Behind the deep veil of the far, bending sky !

The spring-time hath come with its buds and its flowers,
To deck thy sweet cottage of sunlight and shade,
But far, *far* she roams from its roseate bowers,
Where blossoms ne'er scatter and leaflets ne'er fade.
The roses may bud in Love's once blooming Eden,
Where the canker-worm feeds on its loveliest bloom,
But hushed is the voice that shall never more gladden
The vine-wreathing scenes of thy desolate home !

The sweet notes of childhood may float on as gladly
As when her warm bosom rang back the rich strain ;
But ah ! 'mid its gushings, the thought cometh sadly—
Her smilings shall never commingle again !
Yet weep not for her, as thy cherubs sport round thee,
Or lisp her dear name to thy sorrowing ear ;
Bear on 'neath the shatters of hopes that once bound thee,
And feel, in *their* twining, her spirit still near.

Chide not, in thy anguish, the Hand that hath riven
This brightest star-gem from thy life-wreathing chain ;
She was but a gem only *lent* thee, not *given*,
Which God, in his wisdom, hath taken again.
Then mourn not for her, who in life's early morning,
Hath crossed over Jordan to Canaan's fair lea ;
Hope on and veil sorrow in Heaven's blue awning,
Where *her* angel spirit now waiteth for thee !

The Time to Die.

WHEN is the time to die?

When Winter folds his snowy shroud
Round Nature's drooping form, and loud
The bitter blast shrieks by?
Is then the time to die?

When ruddy Spring's blue eye
Peeps out from whispering leaves and flowers,
And bathes her cheek in vernal showers;
When silver dews defy
The wings of night her locks to dry,
Is then the time to die?

When Summer's breath floats by,
Laden with fragrance from the rose's heart,
Fanning the flushed brow of the sultry mart
With its cool kiss, and song
From sylvan shadows floats along
On each disporting breath,
Is this the time for death?

When Autumn's pensive sigh
 Stirs the brown leaf, that trembling lies,
 In fading gold and crimson dyes;
 When purple violets fade,
 With all the blossoms of the wildwood's shade—
 When Nature veils her once glad eye,
Then is the time to die.

To die! to "pass away"
 With summer's beauties on sweet Autumn's breast—
 To fall with tinted leaves to quiet rest;
 To sink to night's decay!
 To rise to endless Day!

M y E a r l y H o m e .

In the sweet sunny South stands the home of my youth,
 Where first I was taught to love virtue and truth;
 There the wild-rose and lily their fragrance unite,
 Untouched by the frost or cold winter's dark blight;
 The cool, shady bowers, inviting appear,
 And low singing waters the pensive ear cheer;

Oh! lovely the scenes of my infancy's home,
And oft through the vista my lonely thoughts roam,
And hover around that dear, sacred spot,
That distance nor time can from Memory blot!

Still, still can I picture the dark, waving pines,
The moss-covered seat 'neath the clustering vines,
Where oft I reclined in the morning of life,
When Hope laughed before me, and pleasure was rife
By the sweetness of twilight that lingered around,
And music that wakened the stillness profound,
Oh! dear the remembrance of that blessed spot,
And ne'er can its beauties through life be forgot!

Again do I hear the soft notes of the dove,
As she mournfully cooed in the shadowy grove;
The robin that sang in the poplar at morn—
The soft winds that sighed through the tall, waving corn—
The garden, the meadow, the rural retreat,
The deep, winding valleys where sweet waters meet—
The dark shady woodlands where violets blow,
All, all are before me, as in years "long ago!"

Oh! take me again to that happy land.
Where linnets and nightingales sing in a band;
Let me visit again my infancy's home,
And careless and free, through its wild forests roam;
And the friends of my childhood, that change can ne'er know,
Let me greet them again as in days long ago,
When we held sweet communion on that hallowed spot,
That naught but Death ever from Mem'ry will blot.

A Tribute!

SHE was thine—the link is broken,
Low she sleeps beneath the sod;
He, who gave her thee, hath spoken
Back her spirit to its God.
She was thine—a bud from Heaven,
Sent to bless Life's thorny stem;
But in wisdom he hath riven
From thy heart, His love lent gem!

Bear on, mother, life is fleeting
As the early floweret's bloom,
And thy heart is lowly beating
“Funeral marches to the tomb!”
Hope on—soon from grief and sadness,
Thou shalt wing away, to dwell
In a world of endless gladness,
Where *loved ones* ne'er say farewell!

Remember Me.

WHEN morn in youthful beauty breaks
And silvers o'er the tranquil lakes,
To hope and love thy mind awakes,
Remember me.

When twilight falls o'er lawn and lea,
And shadows o'er the dark blue sea,
And words of love are whispered thee,
Remember me.

Should joys unspeakable be thine,
And radiant gleams of pleasure shine,
Around thy way where roses twine,
Forget not me.

Should sorrow cloud thy coming years,
And bathe thy prospects all in tears,
When no kind voice of friendship cheers,
Then think of me.

For should we never meet again,
Till far beyond the reach of pain,
Yet while affection doth remain,
I'll think of thee!

Oh, let us Never Meet Again!

"OH, let us never meet again!"

Thou saidst in days of yore;

'Tis well, 'tis wise, nor was it vain—

We'll meet on EARTH no more.

I ne'er again shall "seek to cheer

With hope, thy aching heart;"

Since Faith hath fled and left thee drear,

'Twould baffle "soothing art."

"Oh, let us never meet again!"

My lonely ear comes o'er,

In tones that call forth Memory's train,

Which says—*we'll meet no more.*

No more my idol, yet still dear,

Thy happiness will be,

And prayers ascend from one who ne'er,

Thy *once loved* form shall see.

"Oh, let us never meet again!"

I hear its thrillings yet;

The tones of woe that swelled the strain,

I never can forget!

I ne'er shall "shun the festive hall
 Lest I should weep for thee—"
 Not "cold forgetfulness," I call,
 For thou'rt no more to me.

"Oh! let us never meet again!"
 Respond my lips to thine,
 Since thy "proud, wounded soul 'twould pain,"
 And add no joy to mine.
 And though my heart *once* sank in woe,
 To hear this broken strain,
 Far more 'twould tremble now to know,
 We'll meet on Earth again !

II ———.

I LOVE thee not as others love,
 For Beauty, Wealth, or Fame;
 No! purer thoughts, by Virtue wove,
 Engender at thy name.
 For what is Beauty?—paltry gift,
 Without a lovely *mind*;
 Like to a rose of sweets bereft—
 Void as the empty wind.

And what is Wealth?—a fleeting toy,
That dazzles with its glare;
It brings no peace, it gives no joy,
Nor e'en dispells "dull care"
And Fame?—what is it but a sound,
That echoes for a day?
Soon 'neath contempt's dark surface drowned,
Or idly borne away!

Oh! think not thou, that *I* could love,
Where these alone were found;
In fancy free I e'er should rove,
By naught but *Friendship* bound.
But ah! thy noble, virtuous soul,
Has fettered "fancy free;"
And whilst the wheels of Time shall roll,
'Twill link my heart to thee.

"Whatever Is, Is Right."

(TO MY BELOVED MOTHER.)

CHEER up, Mother! look not sadly,
Life hath thorns as well as flowers;
The morrow's sun may shine more gladly;
'Tis at *dawn* the *darkest* hours!

Cheer up, Mother! think but lightly
 Of the ills that crowd Life's ways;
 Hope's sweet orb may beam more brightly,
 After these tempestuous days.

Droop not, then, in sadness pining—
 Mother dear! away with *care*!
 While fond hearts are round thee twining,
 Dearest Mother, ne'er despair.
 Life can never be all sadness,
 While fond, faithful hearts are ours;
 One bright star gives light and gladness,
 When night's sable curtain lowers.

Earth has many pleasant places,
 Look not on its *darkest side*;
 Sec! the hand of wisdom traces—
 "Trust in God, whate'er betide."
 Death, life's dearest cords may sever—
 Falsehood dim earth's sweetest light—
Fortune fail—but think thou, ever,
 "Whatsoever is, is right."

Stanzas.

FARE thee well! naught now can gladden
This poor heart of thee bereft!
Only dark despair, to madden,
In my bosom, thou hast left!
Oh! how couldst thou crush forever,
One who only lived in thee;
Bid earth's brightest blossoms wither,
Never more to bloom for me!

Would that Death, Life's chain had severed,
Ere thy heart Distrust had known!
Ere the rose of Hope had withered,
Or thy Faith had falsely grown!
Mayst thou never know the anguish
Thou hast sown within my breast;
Though from thee I weep and languish,
Oh! mayst *thou* be ever blest.

Far too well I ever loved thee,
Far too well I love thee still;
Wretched though thy wrongs have made me,
I can never wish thee ill!

Fare thee well! may joy and gladness,
O'er thy brow their radiance fling;
Never may pale Grief and sadness,
To thy heart *Remembrance* bring!

The Heart's Farewell.

FAREWELL to the home of my childhood's sweet hours,
The roses and lilies, and youth's sunny bowers;
Farewell! I now leave thee in sorrow to roam,
Far, far, from thy bosom, my own happy home!

Farewell to the scenery of childish delight!
May thy woodbines and jessamines never know blight!
Farewell, little warblers!—ye'll still be as dear,
As when in life's morning I welcomed ye here.

Farewell, little fountain, where oft in past days,
Reflected the image of infancy's gaze;
I knew not while watching thy sparkles at play,
That all earthly pleasures were fleeting as they!

Farewell, native woodlands! thy shadows so deep,
Will steal o'er my waking and haunt me in sleep!
Thy lovely wild flowers and valleys so sweet,
Will linger around me while life's pulse shall beat.

Farewell every spot to Memory dear.
Where in childhood's fair hours I sported with cheer:
Sweet dreams of past blessings awaken a sigh
For young years departed!—for joys gone by!

But sorrow for hours now vanished is vain;
Regret cannot bring back those moments again!
They're gone and forever, and with them have flown
The blessings that brighten o'er childhood's sweet dawn!

May Queen's Address.

TO HER SUBJECTS.

MID this bright and festive scene,
Maidens, as your chosen Queen,
Reign I o'er this blooming band,
Who as loyal subjects stand
Clustering warmly, glad and gay,
Round their grateful Queen of May.

E'er may she the love retain,
That a floral Crown hath lain
On her meek and humble brow,
Blending young life's richest glow
On each fair and stainless flower—
Emblem of youth's fleeting hour.

Joyfully I'll wear the Crown,
Willing subjects round my throne;
Fading though its beauty be,
Yet it sweetly whispers me
Of affection's sunny beams,
From your warm hearts' gushing streams.

But when youthful scenes are o'er,
When we meet on Earth no more,
May *each one* around me now,
On their fair and radiant brow,
Wear, in Life's Eternal Day,
Crowns that *never fade away!*

The Shrouded Cress.

TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED AUNT, MRS. L. ROGERS, OF N. C.

'Tis all that now is left of one, once fair
As morning light! And shall we never press
That lovely brow, so radiant in life,
Where oft our lip hath sealed its fondest print!
Oh! shall that pulseless heart, so hushed and cold,
Ne'er echo back to ours one gush of joy
To soothe its anguish? Ah! loved one, "no more!"
The dark Grave answers back! "No more! no more!"
The spirit of the misty Tomb sings up
Above thy buried breast! The snowy folds
That shroud thy peaceful brow, so pure and fair,
Alone shall press it now! And that young cheek,
Rose-tinted with warm life, where oft our own
Hath leaned in smiling gladness, years ago,
How changed! how still it sleeps on Death's cold breast!
Ah! when the gushing drops from Love's full fount,
Surcharged the eye of by-gone halcyon hours,
We said "*Farewell*"—Hope whispered—"Not for aye;"

But ah! the *severed tress* comes sighing on.
And whispers lowly through our distant home—
“*Ye said farewell, to meet on earth no more!*”
Sweet spirit gone! beatified in Light,
We mourn thee, not as those of hope bereft;
The golden chain that twined a wreath of hearts,
Death hath not riven; thou hast but borne it up,
And linked our hearts with Heaven.

Thou God of Love
We kiss thy chastening rod, and own thy Truth.
She was thine own, we give her back to Thee,
Nor murmur at thy will. Eternal One!
Drop down one gilded beam from Thy star-world,
To soothe *his* breast whose heart thy hand hath crushed!
Oh! stamp the signet of thy matchless Love,
Upon a brow that ne'er shall know on earth,
The press of that soft hand so still in Death!
And when Thy angel-messenger shall come
To hush the music of Life's melody,
Oh! may we, on celestial pinions rise,
To clasp our *loved one* in the tearless skies!

The Breath of Spring.

THE breath of Spring is on the lea,
Low humming tales of bliss
To Nature's heart that pulseth free,
Beneath its soothing kiss;
The infant buds with balmy sigh,
Awaken at its tread,
And peep with young half-open eye,
From out their mossy bed,

To gaze upon her graceful form,
As o'er the breezy heather,
Leaning on Hope's enwreathing arm,
They whisper love together.
The merry birds that flit amain,
Before old Winter's gloom,
With warbles wild have come again,
To chant above his tomb.

And starry streams, with murmurs free,
Go dancing down the dell,
To start the slumbering wildwood bee,
The choir of life to swell;

The paleness of the Past has fled,
 Before the breath of Spring,
 And Beauty lifts her lovely head,
 And plumes her painted wing,

To greet the garland-girded Queen,
 As from the Spring above,
 She comes with bright and *truthful* mien,
 To tell us "God is Love."

Impromptu Stanzas.

TO REV. J. N. D.

In the roseate morn of joyous years,
 Ere darkling care or sorrow's tears
 Were on my cheek—when sunlight streamed
 Across my joy-wreathed path that gleamed
 With starry hopes—when fragrant flowers
 Made an Elysium of youth's bowers,
 I had no wish to breathe, save one—
That youthful joys were but begun!

When Disappointment's first lone tear
Whispered me care's storm-cloud was near,
I looked not up, but in the arms
Of mortals frail, from earth's alarms
A refuge sought, and calmly smiled
As Life's first looming tempest wild,
Went muttering by—I looked up then—
To view life's sunlight come again!

But when, ah! when the winds of Fate
Swept shrieking by with envious hate
Of mortal bliss, and stole away
From youth's young morn its sweetest ray—
When Hope's bright petals strewed the ground,
And Woe's grim spectres frowned around,
*Another wish my heart then bore—
Since earth is false 'twere better o'er!*

Dark thought!—the deepest shade is past,
The heart's worst pang is o'er at last!
Life's sun is beaming warm and bright,
Emerging from cold sorrow's night;
*Sweet Hope—false Hope!—blooms fresh and fair,
Beguiling youth's young morn of care;
But ah! I've learned though free from sorrow
To-day, our hearts may teem to-morrow.*

Hope beckons on with smiling lip,
And youth's glad pulse bids nature sip
From Pleasure's sparkling fountain fair,
While life emits its sweetest glare;

And earth's gay garden falsely smiles,
 Wooing with its deceptive wiles;
 But ah! I know 'mid brilliant flowers
 The serpent lurks, in rosy bowers;

And now since life's first dream is o'er,
 And earth's false face is loved no more—
 Since earthly hope's most brilliant wreath
 Will fade before the north wind's breath;
 Since all below is false, though fair,
 I have *a wish*, an ardent prayer;
 'Tis not of love or mortal joy,
 That Time's insatiate ills can cloy.

But it is this—*that I may find*
A place within all hearts like thine;
 For Heaven hath said "The fervent prayer
 Of a righteous man availeth there,"
 And if I may but claim a part
 In the aspirations of *thy* heart,
 The joyful peal beyond the Tomb,
 Will thrill "Come up, there yet is room!"

The Human Heart.

WHAT is it like to?—a murmuring stream,
Laughing in lightness along;
Soothing and soft as a beautiful dream
Woven of blossoms and song.
A broad sea of brightness is sleeping away,
Where its waters may peacefully rest,
But oft are they dried by some sun-scorching ray,
Ere they meet in its sheltering breast!

What is it like to?—a violet meek,
Hiding away in the shade,
Veiling its modest and innocent cheek,
“Half fearless and yet half afraid.”
You know not its sweetness, you know not its worth,
Till you woo forth its hidden perfume,
And you wonder how aught of so royal a birth,
So long all unheeded could bloom.

What is it like to?—a rose in its pride,
Lifting its towering head,
Scorning the humble that droop at its side,
Whose glory and gladness have fled.

You smile and admire, you gather the gem,
And wed it some fair sunny morn,
But a shock of adversity shaketh its stem,
And all that remains is—*a thorn!*

What is it like to?—the sky in its gladness,
Bending in beauty above,
Shadeless and sinless, unseeming of sadness,
Lifting its eyelid of love.
But change cometh o'er it, a cloud dims its blue,
Then anon breaks a lovelier ray,—
And such is the Heart with its varying hue—
'Tis sunlight and shadows for aye!

“And last, though not least,” it is like a young dove,
Whose chords we mean *never* to sever;
We build up a fortress, and dare it to *love*,
But talk of *true friendship* forever!
We pet the dear darling but pinion its wing,
Till, fearless, we give it more air,
When—would you believe it?—the *treacherous thing*
Flies off! and—*we cannot tell where!* (?)

Stanzas.

LET me go to the forest's tangled wild,
 Where the young gazelle is bounding;
 Where the wreath-crowned wood-nymphs gaily smile,
 And wild-bird notes are sounding.
 In its wood-path dark let me sweetly stray,
 As free as the red deer, flying,
 "Over the hills and far away,"
 When soft summer winds are sighing.

Let me go to the shades of the forest deep,
 Where the spotted fawn is tripping—
 Where the bright-winged birds on the blue streams sleep,
 And dew-laved buds are dripping.
 Far, far from the din of the crowded mart,
 On the gay-hued wings of morning,
 Let me fly to sweet rest, where the bounding hart
 Roams free 'neath the sylvan awning.

Let me go to the depths of the forest free,
 Of social joys unthinking,
 Where the honey-bud and blossomed tree,
 The violet dews are drinking,
 With naught but the angels hovering o'er,
 And the wild deer bounding by;
 Grant me but this boon, I ask no more
 Than thus to here live, *aye—and die.*

Nay, Let Me Weep.

NAY, let me weep—this breaking heart

Would find in tears a balm;

Oh! seek not, then, with soothing art,

Its gushings wild to calm.

Hush! 'tis the voice of *other days*

That thrills its silent fane;

List! whilst its sighing whisper says,

"Joys gone come not again!")

Ah! do not chide the dew-drop tear

That trembles on this lid;

'Tis the wild gush of well-springs clear,

Beneath the surface hid!

Forbid it not to peaceful flow—

The shadowy twilight dew

Gives freshness to the rose's glow,

And ether's misty blue.

Tears, like the drops that nature sheds

Within her own fair breast,

Scattering perfume when darkness spreads—

Calm the sad heart to rest.

Then let me weep, while yon blue eye,

That swims in dewy light,

Looks down from its star-home on high,

To watch me weep to-night!

Judge not the Heart.

JUDGE not the heart from outward show,
Thou canst not read aright ;
The breast thou deemest *cold* may glow,
With feelings warm and bright.
The light and careless brow may hide
A multitude of woes ;
The pallid cheek may, even from pride,
Outvie the brilliant rose !

The eye bedimmed by frequent tears,
May shine with lustre bright,
But to conceal the *secret* cares
Of one in sorrow's night !
Oh ! think not thou each joyous word
Springs from the heart's true fount,
For ah ! it may, e'en then unheard,
Unnumbered woes recount !

Then say not thou the heart is light,
When smiles bedeck the *brow*—
The cheek may glow, the eye beam bright,
Gay words and laughter flow,
From hearts that hide a fount of tears,
Which random words will start,
And springs that have been sealed for years,
If waked, will break the heart !

To a Bird Imprisoned.

MY pretty bird, I cannot bear
Thy low and piteous cry,
Or view thy little prisoned form
With an unpitying eye.
Ah no! sweet one, thy efforts faint,
To 'scape this lonely cell,
Speak loudly all the wishes fond,
Thou canst not plainer tell.

Thy vain attempts to burst the bonds
That bind thee captive here,
Reproach me for my cruelty
To one I love so dear!
Though I could wish thee to remain,
And cheer me with thy song,
The voice of Conscience smites me, with
A feeling sense of wrong!

Then go, dear bird, from bondage lone,
I ope thy prison door;
Plume thy soft wings and soar away,
To bless me here no more!
Up, up, he wings his airy flight,
His rapturous joy to tell;
Away, away—he's lost to sight—
Sweet warbler—fare thee well!

Faded and Gone.

FADED and gone are the summer's sweet flowers,
 Strewn by the wintry winds o'er the dark mould;
Smilers when sunlight stole through the soft hours,
 Down from yon azure their leaves to unfold.
Bright were their beauties when breezes swept on,
 O'er the blue waters, to gather perfume;
Whisperers lovely! now faded and gone!
 Slumberers lonely! in chillness and gloom!
Oh! but the Spring-time will come o'er the plain,
 Wooing the whispering blossoms again,
With its soft tread o'er the emerald lawn!—
 Then we'll not mourn for the faded and gone.

Faded and gone are the ones that we cherished,
 Fondly and true, in our bosoms of yore!—
Slumbering buds may awake o'er the perished,
 Their faded hearts shall unfold here no more!
Sweet is the music that Memory flings
 O'er the oasis of Life's early love,
Where flew the Angel on fluttering wings,
 Bearing our lost through the starlight above!
Oh! there's a land where the perished ones bloom,
 Where cometh never a shadow of gloom!
Fadeless and fair is that glorious dawn,
 Then we'll not mourn for the faded and gone.

Faded and gone are the sweet dreams of childhood,
When the young wings of the spirit were free,
Folded or plumed 'mid the shadowy wildwood,
Sweeping the surface of Life's sunny sea.
Time's fading finger hath sullied the leaf,
Stainless and lovely in childhood's pure years;
Pages of beauty once brilliant yet brief,
Wear its deep impress of changes and tears!
Oh! but the blossoms of childhood will bloom
Brightly again, o'er the shadowy Tomb!
Infinite gladness flow endlessly on,
Then we'll not mourn for the faded and gone.

A F r a g m e n t .

SHE drooped like a lily-bud sinking to rest,
And slept in the early grave's shadowy breast,
Stole from his fond bosom by Death's culling hand,
To bloom far more sweetly in heaven's star-land!

He lingered not long, but on Zion's high wall,
Fell, covered with glory, at heaven's glad call;
The loving and loved slumber now side by side,
Life's fondly united, Death could not divide.

Song of the Spirit.

OH! there's a gorgeous gleam, mother,
Gathered within my breast,
A love-beam trembling from Hope's skies,
Above the spirit's rest!
Never again, it seems, mother,
This bosom can be sad,
Angels are whispering to my heart,
Things glorious and glad!
I hear their pleasant song, mother,
So musical and free;
With folded wings upon my brow,
They murmur low to me—

“Spirit rest—the night is dying,
Stars are struggling o'er thee;
Mists are melting, shadows flying,
Morning breaks before thee!
Spirit rest—the breath of gladness
Breathes within thy breast;
Sunbeams drink the dew of sadness—
Weary spirit, rest.”

You used to call me sad, mother,
And bid my spirit fling
Some gay and gladsome carolings
Across this trembling string.
'Tis vain to strive to sing, mother,
By false and feeble art,
I only know to trill the strain
That *gusheth from the heart!*

It seems so very strange, mother,
This sweet, wild music free;
Perchance it is an Angel's wing
That maketh melody!
Methinks a lovely star, mother,
Hath fallen in my breast,
And on the pulsings of my heart
Hath laid it down to rest!

You know when last I sang, mother,
You chid the plaintive strain,
And bade me sweep the shade aside,
And tune my harp again.
And now I'll touch its string, mother,
And bid it echo long;
There's gladness in my soul to-night,
And joyance in my song,
An Angel hath flown down, mother,
Within my heart to dwell,
But when and how and *whence* it came,
Indeed *I dare not tell!*

SUMUS SOLI DUO.

(TO MY SLEEPING BROTHER.)

SUMUS SOLI DUO—my heart is in the bowers
That shed their sweetness on our childhood's hours;
The cool breeze singing through the maple boughs,
Comes softly kissing to our infant brows,
As when with floating tresses wild and free,
Hand clasped in hand, we bounded o'er the lea,
And the gold robin's clear mellifluous strain,
Steals gladly gushing on our ear again;
Our golden nestler in the scented thorn
That heralded for us the "meek-eyed morn."
The light of other days!—do not its beams
Come trembling, brother, to thy soul of dreams?—
A smile is sweetly stealing to thy cheek,
Teeming with eloquence thou canst not speak,
And a faint flush comes softly sweeping now,
Blushing in beauty o'er thy broad, pure brow;
How like our mother! with thy forehead fair,
Paling to softness 'neath the jetty hair,
And peacefully beneath the blue-veined lid,
The hazel of *her* eye is gently hid;

Sleep on and smile, thou dreamer wild and free,
Thy all of life is living now with me!

Sumus soli duo—though sorrow's veil be drawn,
To shroud the glories of our hearts' new dawn—
Though other blossoms wither in our way,
Chilled by the breath of bleak misfortune's day—
I still would smile, if smiling could impart
A ray of gladness to thy drooping heart;
Aye, if this breast, one gathered smile should blight,
I'd call it forth to make thy bosom bright.
I know I am not gay as thou art glad,
Yet chide, oh! chide me not, I am not sad;
Thy heart is ever like the young gazelle,
That wanders wildly o'er the dewy dell,
And mine may be like to the dreamy dove,
Singing low songs to memory and love
That glow in lustre like a lake of light
Sleeping in azure in a starry night;
They wake no tear, they leave no anguish there,
Yet sing a requiem o'er the *joys that were!*
Then chide, oh! do not chide her plaintive tone,
She dreams of blighted hopes thou hast not known!

Sumus soli duo—each other's hopes and fears
Each other's joys and sorrows, smiles and tears
We long have shared—I never breathed a sigh
But dimmed the sunny light of thy dear eye,
And naught of gladness ever dwelt with me.
But seemed more bright for being shared with thee.

Heaven's richest blessings bloom in beauty o'er thee !
Life's way hath opened free and fair before thee ;
Thy youthful heart hath never known a sorrow
That fled not in the sunshine of the morrow—
But ah ! lurks there an hour in Time, my brother,
When thou wilt turn from me to clasp another ?
Another's smile may dim the light of mine,
But none more true will answer back to thine !
Sleep on and smile, thou dreamer glad and free,
The *future* what ? the *present* is for me !

Nothing True but Heaven.

THE flowers that lift their pearly cheek
To Spring-time's azure eye,
And every lovely leaflet meek,
Unfoldeth but to die !
The rosy buds that gem the lea
In Summer's golden ray,
Ne'er whisper in their music free,
Of changes and decay.
But every blossom's starry eye
Must shut in shades of even,
And leaflets sing us when they die,
"There's nothing true but Heaven !"

The ones we loved in early years,
Who seem of life a part,
How oft they drain an urn of tears
From out our trusting heart!
And those who round us fondest cling,
With Faith's unshadowed eye,
Like sweetest, fairest, flowers of Spring,
Are always first to die!
Faith, hope and love! delightful train,
Yet ah! how often riven
From hearts that learn to feel the strain,
"There's nothing calm but Heaven!"

Do You Remember?

TO CRISSIE, OF ST. MARY'S.

Do you remember the twilight we strolled
On the banks where Potomac's bright rivulets rolled,
When summer buds lifted their innocent eye,
As fair as the stars that came out in the sky,
And low breezes sang through the shadowy grove,
As sweetly and soft as a whisper of love?

Do you remember that silent "Retreat,"
When the moonlight lay trembling so holy and sweet
Among the bright dew on the old mossy green
That sparkled and smiled through the silvery sheen?
Ah yes, I am sure you remember it yet,
I *know* you are dreaming—you *cannot* forget!

But change hath come o'er it, the summer buds lie
All dead o'er the mould where the wintry winds sigh!
The blue waves that murmured so gaily and glad,
In ice-chains lie fettered, all silent and sad!
And the moonlight falls faintly and mourningly there,
Like the last beam of Hope through the night of Despair!

Do you remember the lattice, sweet C——,
Where the night breezes crept through so coolly and free,
As you knelt at my feet with your hand clasped in mine,
Whilst the dreams of my heart were all poured into thine?
The watchers that spangled the deep azure dome,
Seemed smiling o'er hopes for the long years to come,
When you lifted your brow in the misty starlight,
And spake of a far land where "there is no night;"
Do you remember that old lattice yet?
Ah, yes. I am sure you can *never* forget!

The days have departed when thy sunny cheek
Lay nestled to mine, love, so trusting and meek.
But ah! there's a star on the crest of our heart,
That guides to a home where we never shall part!
And oh! till we meet in that mansion in heaven,
I *know* you'll remember *the hours of SEVEN*!

“The Philosophy of Love.”

REPLY TO “DEDIER,” OF RICHMOND, VA.

IF I had learned to idolize
A brilliant star in love's blue skies,
And “nightly watched it gently rise,”
To twine around it a bright “wreath,”
“Dreaming a name” I durst “not breathe—”
If I had ever, Dedier, learned
To treasure thoughts that “breathed and burned”
Upon the tablet of my soul,
Spurning the spirit's calm control—
If I had learned to smile or sigh,
Before the phase of Love's young eye,
Feeling, without its lovely light,
The world were shrouded up in night,
Or, girt with gloom, were glad and gay,
If mirrored in its feeblest ray—
If I had *loved* so wild and deep
“The tale would break a heart to keep,”
Needs must it be, a by-gone hour
Marked the bright spot where Love's sweet flower
Sprang, budded, blossomed in a day,
Matured by but a *single ray*?

The little buds that ope their eye
Beneath the summer's azure sky,
Are won to bloom so sweet and fair,
Nursed by the hand of time and care ;
They gradual to perfection tend,
So is it with the *heart*, my friend.
Thy stately form, thy faultless face,
Thy noble mien and manly grace
May light a fire in maiden's eyes,
As bright as summer's sunlit skies,
And make the life-tide come and go
Like crimson shadows over snow ;
But tell me not the flame would burn
As brightly on o'er beauty's urn ;
“When the stem dies, the leaf that grew,
Out of its heart must perish too.”
Nothing, of Love deserves the name,
If beauty's death can quench the flame.

I had a friend in other years,
Sharer of all my smiles and tears,
The spirit-part of all my dreams,
“We were so mixed as meeting streams.”
We wandered forth one twilight hour,
Beneath the young spring's budding bower,
And near a stream where roses grew,
With lilies pure and violets blue,
A crimson blossom raised its head,
And on the air its perfume shed.
Young Ida clasped the beauteous gem,
And quickly rent it from its stem,

Clasped to her heart with fond delight,
Confessing *love*—aye at “*first sight!*”
It *was* a flower of rarest hue,
Indeed I almost loved it too,
Ere time had bared its folded breast,
That hid a serpent hushed to rest!
Perceived *too late*, the hideous thing,
To Ida’s young heart gave a sting,
That drained her bosom’s urn of gladness,
And wan Grief stealing on in sadness,
Bent o’er the brink of poisoned years,
And filled the chalice up with tears!
Long time has gone since Ida’s flight
From the rose she *loved* so at “*first sight,*”
And once when I, despite the past,
Well nigh my all on a die had cast,
(For ah! the heart’s a restless thing,
Whose vines were only formed to cling,)
Her voice came on with warning art,
Beware, beware its folded heart!
I’ve learned from her experienced powers,
To look for thorns in fairest flowers;
I know there are, in life’s parterre,
Roses without, fragrant and fair,
But since we know the eye deceives,
And darkness lurks beneath fair leaves,
Let fancy e’er so lovely make it,
Better *reflect* before we take it,
For *passion*, like the floweret’s eye,
When summer’s gone, will fade and die.

Oh ! Dedier, could thy spirit fling,
Its tendrils round a worthless thing
With eyes of light and soul of guile,
With frowns full oft, *at will* a smile?
No ! no ! ah no ! there is in Love,
That will not link the kite and dove ;
Affection to perfection clings,
The *heart* was meant for *noble* things.
Appearance, true, may charm us on,
With *love-dreams* till the spell is gone,
But the spirit's blest, supreme control,
Is a *pure, truthful, noble soul*,
That scales the walls within the breast,
And bears the dreaming heart, possessed,
So softly from its fortress fair,
Waking it knows not *when* or *where* ;
This, *this* is *love*—the *deathless flame*
That burns forever on, the same.

I hope, my friend, in years to come,
The bloom that blushes in thy home,
Though quickly culled, may ever be,
What seemed it on the parent tree,
And no thorn from its secret rest,
Be planted in thy trusting breast.
Suspicion sleeps in Wisdom's barge,
And to Simplicity yields its charge,
While angel Goodness never dreams
Of lurking ill where no ill seems.
'Twas thus, they say, in "long ago,"
When Uriel to Adam's foe,

Discovered distant Paradise
 To the wily arch-fiend's wistful eyes;
 An angel's trust was there betrayed,
 And Eden's bliss in ruins laid!
 Oh! Dedier, *beware!* Deception's barb
 Still gleams beneath a *saintly garb!*

Lines.

"You would win a wreath of Fame, that should encircle the broad universe, and whose topmost bough should tower to the skies."—PHRENOLOGIST.

NAY, think not that I fain would win
 A laurel wreath of brilliant Fame,
 To rest upon my humble brow,
 And proudly wreath my lowly name—
 Oh not for *me* fair flowers of richest dye,
 That droop and fade 'neath Life's uncertain sky.

I seek no *earthly* diadem
 To starlike beam upon my way,
 Bind not upon my burning brow,
 Earth's gay and glittering tiara,
 Oh! bring not *me* the brightest gems that glow,
 To strew my humble pathway here below.

I would not leave contentment's vale,
 To climb Fame's steep and thorny hill,
 Though I might grasp the loftiest bough,
 That captive leads Earth's heart at will,
 No! not for *me* from Fame's high summit borrow
 A gilded name—and wear a "golden sorrow."

But give to me the tiniest pearl
 That gems the casket of fair *Truth*—
 Give me *Affection's* stainless buds,
 That blossom in unfading youth—
 Bring me but gifts reflecting *Heaven's* pure ray,
 And take, oh take *Earth's* glittering crowns away!

Henry Clay.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE HON. ELISHA W. OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"
 2. SAM. iii, 33.

OH gaze on him now as he peacefully lies
 With the white shroud enfolding his calm, dreamless breast,
 And the pale lids enveiling his dim azure eyes—
 Tread lightly, aye lightly, around his last rest!

Oh gaze on that bosom now throbbless and still,
And weep for the light that forever hath fled
Behind the dim awning of Death's icy chill,
That wreaths its damp mist o'er his slumbering head!

Oh gaze on those eyes that shall nevermore break
From the thrall of the drooping and ice-laden lid,
And weep for the calm of the beauteous lake
Of once-beaming lustre for evermore hid!

Turn thou to the high halls of national pride,
And gaze on a form as it towers in light,
And bears the world's heart on the glorious tide
That flows from the fountain of eloquent might.

How heaves that warm bosom, how flash those blue eyes,
In the proud majesty of a patriot's zeal,
As the waves of an immortal intellect rise
On the ocean of Mind for humanity's weal.

The brightest star-gems of a glorious land,
Culled from the far sweep of republican ways,
And bound in the bonds of a national band,
Group richly around him and wond'ringly gaze.

That warm, heaving bosom, those bright beaming eyes,
Have faded and gone to the bosom of God!
Oh gaze on him now as he peacefully lies—
"The strong staff is broke and the beautiful rod!"

He rose a bold monarch of grandeur and might,
The pride of a nation's illustrious gaze,
A *world's* admiration—a soft golden light,
That steadily burned through life's varying ways.

He faded as withers the gigantic oak,
That silently moulders and sinks to decay,
Its life-fountain dried by the tempest's wild stroke,
All mournfully, peacefully passing away !

He fell ! in the vines of affection that bound him,
Amid the heart-moan of a sorrowing world,
And sweetly he sleeps with its love-links around him,
And the banner of heavenly triumph unfurled !

Oh gaze on him now as he peacefully lies,
And dream of the glory and gladness of yore !
That cold, shrouded bosom, those dimly veiled eyes
Shall thrill thee and break on thy spirit no more !

No more ! in the high halls of national pride—
No more ! where "a princee and a great man" hath trod,
But o'er the dark waters of Death's narrow tide,
Again—*evermore* in the palace of God !

His life is a story of honor and fame,
His death the wild sweep of the hurricane blast,
His memory, the marble that tablets his name—
Unsullied, undying, and loved to the last !

Elizabeth.

(TO EDGAR AUGUSTUS.)

SHE is sleeping and dreaming,
Where the pale stars are gleaming,
And angel eyes beaming,
 Over her brow;
Calm 'neath their smiling
And whispers beguiling,
 Slumbering now!

Fond bosoms are weeping
And mournfully keeping
Watch o'er her sleeping,
 Breakless and blest;
But far from their teeming
She is sleeping and dreaming—
 Gone to her rest!

Long she'll lie dreaming
Where the pale stars are gleaming,
And angel eyes beaming
 Softly above her!
Long as her inurning
Will memory be burning
 In hearts that love her!

Not Now.

Not now—'twould pale the roseate hue,
And shade the tranquil light
That rest upon my cheek and brow—
Oh! breathe it not to-night;
'Tis over now, the dark, wild dream
That clouded, erst, my brain;
Put up thy harp, the spirit's beam
Brooks not the plaintive strain.

Not now—I cannot, *cannot* sing
The song I used to love;
Oh no! I would not stir the wing
Of Memory's mourning dove!
'Tis shrouded o'er the starry plain
Where first I learned to fling
The low wild warbles of that strain
From this long silent string.

Not now—I would not lonely tread
The Past's deserted ways,
And linger o'er the lovely dead
That brightened *other days!*

'Twill come no more, the gladsome glow
That erst would wreath my brow
To list that plaintive strain—oh no!
I cannot breathe it now.

Yet steal the sighing cord away,
That murmurs faint and low,
The cadence of that pensive lay
We loved in long ago—
Unbind the wreath of fading flowers
Culled from that shadowed lea,
Nor whisper me of *by-gone hours*,
And I will sing for thee.

Loop back the drapery, let me gaze
On evening's shining tears,
And wander through the purple haze,
To scenes of *coming years*—
With starlight trembling from above,
And breezes floating free,
Oh! I will weave of hope and love,
A gladsome song for thee.

But ask me not to touch the string
We loved to wake of yore,
Nor bid me brightly smile and sing
Of hopes that come no more!
Put up thy harp and watch the light
On heaven's azure brow;
I cannot sing *that* song to-night—
No, dearest, no—not now!

Broken Hopes.

I NEVER thought to prove thee
What time hath told thou art,
I fondly dreamed
Truth brightly beamed
Within thy noble heart.

It was a feeble tracing
Of friendship's early day,
But drifting showers
Of later hours,
Have swept the print away !

I'm smiling at the dreaming,
The sweet simplicity,
That thought to find
In mortal mind,
All that I dreamed of thee.

It was a simple dreaming,
A wreath of fading flowers ;
The dream hath fled,
The wreath lies dead
Amid departed hours !

Lines.

TO THE LITTLE AUTHOR OF "I LOVE HER."

LAY thy fair young head, darling,
On her dreaming breast ;
Fold thy fairy, dimpled hands
Calmly up to rest.
Gently, gently falls the fringe
Of the waxen lid,
O'er the dewy, violet eyes,
Soft in slumber hid.

Putting back thy curls, darling,
Curls of golden hair,
Bending o'er thy cherub form,
Pure, as angels are—
Gazing on thy baby-brow,
With her earnest eye,
Dreams she of the loveliness
Veiled in yonder sky.

Type of Heaven thou art, darling,
Type of purity ;
Stainless as the summer flowers
Breaking o'er the lea—
Sinless as the golden star,
Set in Heaven's blue ;
She doth love thee, little one,
Angels love thee, too !

Sure their starry eyes, darling,
Bend above thee now,
Sure their rosy, loving lips,
Press thy sleeping brow !
O'er thy sweetly rounded cheek,
Dimpling it the while,
To thy lovely rose-bud mouth,
Creepeth up a smile.

She is smiling too, darling,
That she hath a part
In the pure and artless love
Of thy sinless heart.
Love her, love her, tiny one,
In thy purity ;
Sure the angels, too, will bless
One that's dear to *thee*.

Come, Haste Thee.

COME, haste thee, my love, I am waiting;
Sweet Summer is over and gone,
The mild winds of Autumn soft prating
O'er hill-top and shadowy lawn,
In low, loving whispers seem breathing
Of a quiet nook mantled in dreams,
Where the quivering vine-leaves are wreathing
Brown shade starred with golden sunbeams.

Come haste thee, my love, let us wander
Beside the soft-murmuring rill
That winds through the shrubbery yonder,
Around the green slope of the hill;
We'll sweep back the pale auburn tresses,
And throw off the fetters that bind us,
And yield to sweet Autumn's caresses,
When we leave the world's full heart behind us.

Come, haste thee, my love, I am sighing
To fly to that shadowy nook,
Where the first scattered leaflets are lying
On waves of the silvery brook,

That breaks up in low music-whispers,
Around that empurpled hill-side,
Like the lingering cadence of vespers,
Borne out on the softened eve-tide.

Come, haste thee, my love, I am longing
To look in thy violet eye,
And far from the busy mart, thronging,
To murmur of hours gone by ;
'Tis a beautiful dream I am dreaming,
Unlike the dim vision of yore ;
Oh! *that* with its shadowy seeming
I'm sure it will darken no more !

Then haste thee, my love, I am thinking
How the old woods will echo in glee,
Where we roam its calm bosom unshrinking,
In sorrow unfettered and free !
Aye, free as the swift Autumn-flushes,
That pencil the velvety lea—
Unfettered as Nature's glad gushes—
Haste, maiden—I'm waiting for thee !

The Two Sisters.

A MINIATURE PAINTING.

THEY are two lovely, gentle ones,
Those little darlings fair,
With soft and silvery music tones,
And shining auburn hair,
And broad white brows, and large dark eyes
Of sweet and radiant light,
As orbs that peep from azure skies,
Behind the lids of night.

Sweet Laura is the gentle Dove—
She's timid, meek, and mild,
And you can only know to *love*
That little modest child.
Her step is lightsome, soft and still
As summer's velvet tread,
When singing breezes noiseless trill
Above a violet bed.

Bright Annie is the Mocking-bird,
A laughing romp is she ;
Her roguish heart is ever stirred
With planning fun and glee.

Her step is like the bubbles sweet,
Of fountain running o'er;
Whene'er she cometh patting feet
Will tell the tale before!

Sweet Laura's glance is like the gleam
That trembles through the shade;
A loving, trusting, softened beam,
Half fearless—half-afraid
Bright Annie's flashes full and free,
Then lingers soft and sly,
And you can only smile to see
That dark, mirth-loving eye.

Now, lasses all, dont frown I pray,
And toss your dainty curls
Awhile you list my loving lay
To two such darling girls;
And laddies—but my song is done—
I'm very sure you'll love,
If ever you should look upon
The Mocking-bird and Dove.

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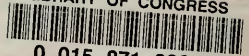
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THE END.





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